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ART. I.—*Johan: Kirchmanni Lubecensis de Funeribus Romanorum libri quatuor cum Appendice, nitidissimis figuris illustrati.* Lugd. Batav. 1672.*

WE propose, in this paper, to continue and conclude those remarks on the Burial of the Dead, which were commenced in our last Number. † We have already referred to the necessity and to the moral and religious uses of appropriate burial; and have briefly alluded to the forms which this service has assumed among many uncivilized nations, and more particularly to those which were observed by that more cultivated and very remarkable people, the Egyptians.

The funeral rites of the Greeks and Romans were accurately and elaborately performed, in consequence of their prevalent belief that the manes, or spirits of the dead, could find no rest or peace whilst their bodies remained unburied. This fact is often referred to by their poets. Our remarks on this part of the subject will be confined to the Roman obsequies alone, both because the accounts relating to these are copious and accessible, and because they embrace, substantially, the ceremonies common to both nations.

Allusions to these rites, as is well known, are scattered over the whole range of Roman literature. Indeed, the peculiar force of many passages, both in prose and poetry, is obscured or lost, as in the instance already quoted from Gifford's Juvenal,

* For the remaining titles, see last Number.

† See page 137.

unless these funeral rites be well understood. But they are nowhere, of set purpose, described by any classical author. This deficiency, however, has been amply supplied by the elder writers mentioned at the commencement of this article. Of these we would refer again to Kirchman, whose vast reading, untiring industry, and easy style, have left little in this species of research to be desired. His work has been often used as an authority, whether quoted or not, by subsequent writers on the subject, and is, confessedly, the principal source whence has been derived the chapter on "Funerals," in the useful and well known "Roman Antiquities" of Adam.

The Funeral Rites of the Romans were arranged according to the age, wealth, and dignity of those who were the subjects of them; particular regard, also, being had to their last expressed wishes. They were of two kinds, *Indictiva*, or public, to which the people were summoned by the voice of the public crier; * or *Tacita*, † or private, plebeian, common, which were not publicly announced, and were attended with no pomp, parade, or show of any kind. The former of these will only be referred to here. It consisted, properly, of four distinct parts; first, the rites *before* the funeral; second, the *Elatio*, ‡ or carrying forth of the body to the place where it was to be burned, or buried, or both; third, the *Sepultura*, or Burial; and fourth, the *subsequent ceremonies*.

The *first* and *second* of these we shall refer to in the briefest

* So called from the term *indico*, which the Latins used in this sense, v. g. "Funere *indicto*, Rogus exstructus est in Campo Martio." The forms of citation were as follows:—Ollus quivis letho datus est. L. Titio exequias ire cui commodum est, jam tempus est. Ollus ex ædibus ecfertur.

Meursius speaks of *seven* kinds of funerals; but his distinctions are founded on circumstances, which need not be regarded in the general sketch we propose to give.

† This shows the peculiar force of Seneca's appeal (De Tranquill: Lib. 1, c. 1, § 9.) Morti natus es: minus molestiarum habet *funus tacitum*. These were also called *Simpludiaria*. To this class are also to be referred funerals which were denominated *Acerba*, or those of infants; and the *Immatura*, or those of youths who died before they had assumed the toga virilis. Virgil, speaking of the souls of infants, Æn. 6.

"Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo."

‡ The *Elatio* and *Sepultura* were properly called the *Funeratio*, or Funeral.

possible way, both because they do not strictly belong to the line of remark we are now pursuing; and because the facts are easily accessible in the familiar English book above mentioned. In regard to the *third* and *fourth* parts of a Roman Funeral, we shall confine ourselves principally to those circumstances which bear especially on our present inquiry, and to those which, on any account, may appear to possess a peculiar interest.

A short summary of the Rites *before* the Funeral, is as follows. The last breath of the dying was inhaled by the nearest relatives, under the impression that the spirit or soul (*anima*) of the departing person thus and then left the body. Rings were taken from their fingers, their eyes* and mouths closed, and the names of the deceased loudly and repeatedly called, (*conclamati*.) † The very singular custom prevailed of cutting off one or more of the fingers of the deceased. This was done, either for the purpose of ascertaining whether death was real or only apparent; or, which is the more probable supposition, for the purpose of securing some parts of the dead body for the renewal of the funeral ceremonies, or parentation, (*parentatio vel instauratio*), as it was called, in honor of the dead, after burial. The body was then bathed, and annointed with various antiseptic and fragrant drugs; arrayed in the best robes which belonged to the deceased; adorned with crowns or public badges of distinction which they had worn; and then brought from the inmost apartments, and placed (*collocatus*) on a couch in the threshold of the house, with the feet towards the door. ‡ The house where the body was thus situated, was marked as in mourning, by placing on the door branches of the pine or cypress. || This was especially intended as a signal to

* *Hic certe manibus fugientes pressit oculos.* Ovid, Lib. III. *Amor Eleg. VIII.*

† Hence the phrase "*conclamatum est*"—there is no hope. Propertius refers to this in Liber 4. *Cynthia*.

"At mihi non oculos quisquam *inclamavit* euntes
Urnam impetrassem te revocante diem."

‡ Thus Persius, Sat. III.

"tandem beatulus alto
Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis
In portam rigidos calces extendit."

|| These were considered as funereal trees. "*Picea*," says Pliny, Lib. 15, cap. 10, "*feralis arbor*, * * * *ad fores posita, ac rogis virens*." And of the Cypress. "*Diti sacra, et ideo funebri*

prevent the approach of those engaged in offering the public sacrifices, since it was supposed to be polluting to them to touch, or even look upon, a corpse.

2. After these preparatory rites, next followed in order the *Elatio*, or bearing forth of the corpse. Servius says this took place seven days after death.* It seems probable, however, that there was no set time observed; but rather such a period as was rendered necessary for the elaborate preparations required, according to the peculiar circumstances of the case. The *Elatio* was performed, in the early times of the Republic, in the night-time; but afterwards this practice was confined to private funerals, or those of a humble character, and the earlier hours of the day were preferred for this service in those which were public. Children, among the Athenians, were carried to the place of burial at dawn, since, as was thought, the sun should not be a spectator of such an untimely calamity. From the ancient custom, however, of funeral processions by night, the practice of bearing tapers and torches, which was always observed by day, in similar ceremonies, was borrowed. Hence the bearers were called, at first, *Vesperones*, (a *vesperâ*,) and afterwards *Vespillones*. The bier was preceded by various persons; by *Siticines*, or musicians, consisting of two kinds, *Tubicines* or the trumpeters, and *Tibicines* or the flute-players, (with instruments of a larger and broader tube than usual, and which gave a graver and louder sound); by *Præficæ*,† or females hired to sing, with loud and stridulous voices, the *Nænia*, which were rude and doleful and, sometimes, idle and silly songs; by *Ludii*, or players and dancers; by *Scurræ*, or buffoons, one of whom, called the *Archimimus*, imitated the appearance and bearing of the deceased; and by Freedmen, called *Orcini* or *Charonitæ*, who sometimes bore on small couches, or on spears, the images, busts, and insignia of the deceased, or of his family. The body was carried

signo ad domos posita." These trees were held sacred to such objects, because it was supposed that, when they were once cut off, they would not grow again.

* *Ad Lib. 5, v. 64, Æneid.*

† "They had at their burials," says Weever, "suborned counterfeit hired mourners, which were women of the loudest voices. * * * Among these women was ever an old beldam, called *Præfica*. These are often alluded to by the Latin Poets. Thus in Plautus —

"*Superaboque omnes argutando Præficas.*"

forth by the nearest relations, or, sometimes, by manumitted slaves, or by hired persons who bore different designations, such as *Vespillones*, *Sandapilones*, *Barginnæ*, and *Lecticarii*.—The Bier * was carried covered or uncovered. In the latter case, the body was richly clad and ornamented, and with the face painted. It was carried, in opposition to the Egyptian practice, *with the feet forward*, as indicating a final departure from the world. Relations, friends, and all who wished, or wished to seem to show affection and respect for the memory of the person who was the subject of the pageant, followed the Bier, † with tears, with hair cut off or dishevelled, with garments changed or torn, with all ornaments laid aside, with beating of the breast, complaints and reproaches of the gods, in fine, with every external sign of grief. The surviving sons, who followed, were veiled, while the daughters were unveiled; it being regarded, as is supposed, that a reversal of an ordinary custom is appropriate to mourning. The procession passed through the Forum, and the bier was placed before the *Rostra*, where a funeral oration was pronounced. It was then led to an appointed place, *without the city*, and the body was there burned or buried.

3. The sepulture or burial next followed. If the remains of the dead were to be burned and *not* buried, they were taken to a place called *Ustrina*; but if they were to be both burned and buried, the place was called *Bustum*. ‡ They were laid upon a funeral pyre, or pile, (called *Pyra*, or *Rogus*, §) which

* The Bier, in ancient times, of a soldier slain in battle, was his shield. Virgil (*Æn.* 10.) refers to this.

“*Impositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes.*”

Hence, too, the allusion by Ausonius, who represents a certain Roman mother, when arming her son for a conflict, as saying with the peculiar pith and terseness of her own language,

“*Cum hoc, inquit, aut in hoc redi.*”

† This act was indicated by the Romans by various phrases of frequent occurrence in the classic writers, such as *sequi*, *prosequi*, *comitare funus*, et *ire*, *venire exsequias*. It may be added, that it was considered wrong and discreditable thus to follow in the funeral train of one unknown.

‡ “*Bustum proprie dicitur locus, in quo mortuus est combustus et sepultus, diciturque bustum, quasi bene ustum.*” — *Teste Festo.*

§ According to Meursius, the funeral pile, before it was lighted was called *Pyra*, when set on fire *Rogus*, when burnt *Bustum*.

was simply a heap of wood prepared for the purpose. This was composed of those kinds of trees which are most easily ignited ; * and they were, in early times, unhewn and rough, according to a law of the Twelve Tables. † The Cypress, the Myrtle, the Cedar and Laurel, were also added on account of their fragrant odor. The Pyre was built in the form of an altar, and was raised higher or lower according to the dignity of the deceased, a fact frequently noted in the classical allusions to them. It could not be placed, according to a prohibition of the Twelve Tables, within the distance of sixty feet of any private dwelling ; and by a subsequent law, enacted in the time of Augustus, (for the preservation of the public edifices,) it was to be removed at least two miles from the city.

On a pile like this, the dead body, together with the bier or bed on which it had been carried, (for it was customary to burn both together,) was placed ; and after kisses and other tokens of endearment ; and after the eyes of the corpse, which had been closed at death, were reopened ; ‡ the fire was applied by the nearest relations, with eyes and head averted, § as indicative that necessity and not choice imposed the task ; and the winds were

* Thus that of poor Dido was made of Trees producing pitch, and of pieces of cleft ash and oak trees.

"At Regina, pyrâ penetrâli in sede sub auras
Erectâ ingenti, tædis atque ilice sectâ."—Æn. Lib. 4.

Et lib. 6.

"Procumbunt picæ, sonat icta securibus ilex,
Fraxineæque trabes ; cuneis et fissile robur
Scinditur ; advolvunt ingentes montibus ornos."

† "Rogum ascia ne polito."

Ovid says, Lib. 3, Eleg. 15.

"Funeris ara mihi ferali cincta cupresso
Convenit et structis flamma parata rogis."

‡ Pliny assigns as a reason for this, that it was as necessary to open the eyes of the dead on the funeral pile, to show them heaven, as it was to close their eyes before, against the sight of men. — Plin. Nat. Hist. 11. cap. 37.

Virgil is supposed to allude to this in Lib. 4, Æn.

"Dat somnos adimitque et lumina morte resignat."

§ Æn. Lib. 6.

"Aversi tenuère facem."

"That they kindle the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration." — Sir T. Browne. Hydriotaphia.

implored to excite and cherish the fire, that its office might be quickly done.* This, as well as most of the rites used in funeral obsequies, were derived from the Greeks. Thus, Achilles, at the funeral of Patroclus, is represented as standing apart, pouring out libations and invoking the North and West winds to help the fire to consume the body as quickly as possible. Thus, in the tuneful translation of Pope :

“But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promised and libations cast
To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* blast.”

After the fire was lighted, a solemn march, thrice repeated was, in some cases, made round the pile. This was in an inverted order, (*orbe sinistro*,) that is, from right to left, which in all cases was a token of grief, as that from left to right, (*dextratio*,) denoted joy and gratulation. This was done with all the insignia of office and distinction inverted, with weapons thrown aside, and, sometimes, with the music of wind instruments. These latter forms, however, were confined to the funerals of illustrious persons ; and, in regard to these, were repeated on the anniversaries (*parentalibus diebus*) of their sepulture.

But while the body was thus consumed, its remains were not buried alone. It was a singular and most revolting superstition of classical antiquity, that the souls of the departed were thirsty for blood, without tasting which, it was supposed that they could not speak, or know the living, though they were cognizant of events past and to come. The spirits of Penelope's suitors, for example, are said, while following the guidance of Mercury, to chirp like birds. In consequence of this superstitious notion, various animals, and particularly those which were supposed to be most dear to the deceased when living, were sacrificed on the same funeral pile with them. Achilles was lavish of blood on the occasion just referred to ; and the scene in the eleventh

* As a somewhat curious fact, and one that should not be wholly passed by, it may be added, according to Plutarch, and after him, Macrobius, that it was an ancient practice, when many corpses were to be burned at once, as for example, in times of war or pestilence, the bodies of females and those of men, were mingled together, in the proportion of one of the former to ten of the latter. Those, who wish to learn the singular reasons assigned for this practice, may consult Kirchman, p. 284, and *Hydriotaphia*, ch. 4.

book of the *Odyssey*, where Ulysses, in the infernal regions, is represented as driving away with his sword the crowds of disembodied spirits, his mother amongst the rest, who gathered, like harpies, around him in eager thirst for fresh gore, is too horrible and sickening to be easily forgotten. Sophocles, in his *Antigone*, by the mouth of Creon, and Virgil, repeatedly, refers to the same fact.* Sometimes even human beings, such as captives, servants, and women, were sacrificed on the pile. Gifts, also, of garments, perfumes, gems, and valuable pledges of affection, were often added; and in such profusion was this done, at some periods, that they were restricted by a sumptuary law of the Twelve Tables.

After the body had been sufficiently consumed, which was indicated by the gradual settling of the white ashes upon the live coals, † the fire was extinguished, and wine ‡ was sprinkled on the embers. Next in order followed the collecting (*ossilegium*) of the remaining bones. This practice is playfully alluded to by the festive poets of antiquity, intimating that the wine, that was thus destined to quench their burning bones after death, might be more seasonably applied in moistening their living clay. This whole practice of collecting the remains is elegantly described by Tibullus in an *Elegy*, § to which certain premonitions of our waning space permit us only to refer. We gather from it, however, that this office fell to the nearest friends; their hands were carefully purified; their garments were black, unloosed, or flowing; and their feet naked, in token of reverence. The remains thus collected, were bathed with wine, milk, odors, and tears; and, being wrapped in a cloth of fine linen, were exposed, in some cases, to the wind to be dried, in others, placed in the bosom of the mother, or some near female friend. ||

But how were the remains of the dead to be distinguished from the other remnants of the funeral pile, and especially from

* It was sometimes practised among the Jews.

† "*Paulatim cana prunam velante favilla.*" — Ovid, *Lib. 8, Metam.*

‡ Milk was used at the funeral pile of boys, and sprinkled by mothers.

§ *Lib. 3, Eleg. 2.* All will be willing after reading this beautiful piece, to say with Kirchman, "*Bene sit cultissimi Poetæ manibus.*"

|| Tibullus, *L. 1, Eleg. 3.* Propertius, *L. 1.* "That the mother dried the bones in her bosom, the first fostering place of their nourishment, * * * was no improper ceremony." — Sir T. Browne.

the bones and ashes of the animals which were burned at the same time? This has occasioned much difficulty and speculation to learned men. "How," says Sir Thomas Browne, "they made distinct separation of bones and ashes from fiery admixture, hath found no historical solution; though they seemed to make a distinct collection, and overlooked not Pyrrhus his toe, which could not be burnt." Some have thought the bodies about to be consumed, were previously wrapped in "incombustible sheets made with a texture of asbestos, incremable flax, or salamander's wool, which preserved their bones and ashes incommixed." This is referred to by Pliny. But Casaubon, and after him Kirchman, thinks this separation was effected by so placing and protecting the body on the pile, as to keep it separate, in the process of burning, from everything else.*

The remains thus collected were placed in urns, called *Ossuaria*. These were made of gold, silver, brass, marble, or clay. Of this last kind were those "sad, sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices," that were dug up in Norfolk, England, in the year of our Lord, 1658, and to which we owe the remarkable essay, entitled "*Hydriotaphia*." In these urns were frequently placed phials filled with tears, since called *Lacrymatories*. They were finally placed † in the earth, and structures of various kinds, hereafter to be briefly adverted to, were placed over or beneath them. ‡ This office being performed, the *Præfica* exclaimed *ILICET*, (ire licet) which indicated the close of the ceremony. Those who remained at the funeral pile, (for it appears that only a part of the funeral procession went to the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, and only a part of these remained to the close of the service,) were thrice purified with water, sprinkled by a branch of olive or laurel, from the pollution which the touch of a corpse was supposed to occasion. They then shouted, in regular strains, their

* Schedius, de diis Germ. p. 443, (a book quoted by Quenstedius *De Sepul. Vet.* Cap. vii., but which we have not seen) says the body was placed in a stone chest or box, "*lapideæ arcæ inditum fuisse cadaver*."

† They were then said to be *composita*, the word *compono* having often this technical meaning.

‡ "They used to quench these funeral fires with red wine, and gathering the bones together, to include them in vases, which they placed in or upon some sumptuous rich monument." — *Weever's Discourse*, p. 14.

adieu, (*Salve et Vale*), and particularly the last, three times ; * and then followed the touching words, "*Nos te ordine, quo natura permiserit, cuncti sequemur*," — we must all follow thee, according as the course of nature shall permit us ; † and the prayer was then offered, (*Sit tibi terra levis*), that the earth might be light upon their remains. ‡ This part of the service was then concluded by their treading out the remaining fire, their own bodies being previously sprinkled with water. They then returned home, and purified the house where the dead had been, by burning (*suffitio*) sulphur and laurel, and by sweeping it with a certain kind of broom, (*scopæ*.)

But the attention which the Romans bestowed on the remains of the dead did not terminate even with these operose rites. They prepared their sepulchres with great care, and considered this a very important part of their obsequies. They were built by individuals for themselves and families, or this office was expressly enjoined upon their heirs, § and the inscription sometimes recorded the names of those for whom, and for whom they were *not* intended. Kirchman cites one, in which a certain individual is forbid even to approach the spot where

* These were called "*novissima verba*."

" ———— *Salve æternum mihi, maxime Palla,
Æternum vale.*" — *Æn. Lib. XI.*

† The same form of words is found on ancient monuments.

‡ This formula occurs very frequently, both in the writings and on the tombs of the ancients. It was so familiarly employed on the latter, that, like the *D. M.* (*Diis Manibus*), only the first letters of the words composing it were used : *S. T. T. L.* Martial wrested from them an ill-natured jest ; wishing that the earth might lie *so* light upon the remains of a certain *Philenis*, that the dogs might easily prowl among them :

" *Sit tibi terra levis, mollique tегaris arenâ
Ne tua non possunt eruere ossa canes.*"

The form had its origin in a well known superstition prevalent at the time, that even the remains of the dead were exposed to evil incantations. The prayer for *terram levem*, or that the earth might lie lightly upon them, meant, therefore, that they might be free from these ; and the other imprecation (*terram gravem*) that they might be exposed to them, and even so exposed, that the shades of the dead should be so pressed down, that they could not be evoked from the sepulchre.

The phrases of a similar import, "*ut bene, vel placide quiescerent, ut moliter jacerent*," were also used. The parting prayer of the Jews was, "*Vade in pace.*"

§ This was frequently indicated in the inscriptions : v. g. *SERVIVS. FECIT. VIVUS. FECIT. DE. SUA. PECUNIA.* They were called by

it was placed.* These sepulchres were of various kinds. In the early period of Rome, they were nothing more than a ditch or furrow, rudely dug in the ground. But subsequently they were more elaborately constructed, and in some instances, at a great expense. Some were made to resemble small dwellings or temples, and were overlaid by, or composed of, flint, marble, iron, stone, or shells, and were adorned by images, effigies, and representations of various kinds, such as fights, huntings, sacrifices, sporting scenes, satyrs, cupids, marine gods with tails of fishes and carrying nymphs, the rape of Proserpine, the four winds, and the labors of Hercules. It was an ancient and wide spread, as well as beautiful custom, to place in a common resting place, the remains of husbands and wives, lovers, twins, friends, and those who had lived together and loved each other in life. This practice was extended to urn-burials. "All urns contained not single ashes; without confused burnings, they affectionately compounded their bones; passionately endeavoring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbors in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names."†

The inscriptions on these monuments were in general very simple, and confined to literal facts, though sometimes they contained an eulogium on the deceased. They were begun, ordinarily, with the formal D. M., or D. M. S. (Dis Manibus Sacrum ———.) This was followed by the name of the defunct, that of his parents, country, family, together, frequently, with an account of the exact number of days and hours he had lived, the cause of his death,‡ and the amount of property he left to his heirs. If the remains were those of a female, who had been married only *once*, the fact

different appellations, as Monimentum (quasi, according to Weever, munimentum,) Conditoria, Requietoria, Stabula cadaverum, Thesauri orcini, Tumuli, Sarcophagi, Domus æterna.

* This singular instance of post mortem indignation is as follows: LIBERTIS. LIBERTABUSQ. POSTERISQ. EORUM. EXCEPTO. HERMETE. LIBERTO. QUEM. VETO. PROPTER. DELICTA. SUA. ADITUM. AMBITUM. VEL. ULLUM. ACCESSUM. HABEAT. IN. HOC. MONIMENTO.

† Hydriotaphia.

‡ Thus, death by a cat's *bite* is recorded:

"Hospes disce novum mortis genus, improba felis,
Dum teneo, digitum mordet, et intereo."

was considered so creditable as to be worthy of a distinct mention. And if the marriage had been happy, this was deemed too great a boon not to be inscribed on the monument.* These sepulchres were held sacred and inviolable, (*sacrum, sanctum et religiosum*.) This sacredness was guarded by severe enactments, and was considered as violated by the demolition or injury of the monument; by improper (that is, forbidden,) occupancy; by removal of the remains; by mutilation,† or even the touching of them; and by taking away any thing belonging to them. This same sanctity was extended to a certain prescribed portion of the land around the sepulchre. There was, however, provision made for the lawful removal of the remains, in certain cases; and the peculiar sacredness of the spot did not commence before earth was actually thrown upon the remains. They were not considered *buried* (*humatus*) until then.‡

Cenotaphs, or empty monuments, as has been already intimated, were built in memory of those whose bodies were deposited in another place, or which, from any cause, remained unburied. They had their origin in a superstition of the Greeks, already mentioned, and which was afterwards religiously adopted by the Romans, that the ghosts of the departed would remain homeless, and without a resting place, until a sepulchre, to which they were solemnly invoked, was built for them. The story of Palinurus, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, may be taken as an exponent of the common faith and feeling on this subject. And as the literal Weever observes, "*Octavia*, the sister of *Augustus*, buried her sonne, young *Marcellus*, * * * with six hundred cenotaphs, or hearses; and gave to

* Phrases like these often occur: "*SINE CONTROVERSIA.*" "*SINE OFFENSA.*" "*SINE JURGIO.*" We transcribe one of this description from Kirchman: *D. M. D. JUNIO. PRIMOGENITO. QUI. VIX. ANNOS. XXXV. JUNIA. PALLAS. FECIT. CONJUGI. CARISSIMO. ET. PIENTISSIMO. DE. SE. BENE. MERENTI. CUM. QUO. VIXIT. ANNOS. XV. MENSES. VI. DULCITER. SINE. QUERELA.* — It may be worth while to note, in passing, that in these Epitaphs, as in the above, the word *fecit* is used for *viril*.

† This was done by sorcerers and witches, in preparing their charms and incantations. Parts of corpses were essential elements in philters and magical preparations. Quintilian refers to this, (Dec. XV.) "*tumula busta crutari et amputatis cadaveribus*," etc. See also Horace, Sat. viii.

‡ Cic. Lib. II. Leg.

Virgil more than five thousand French crownes, in reward, for the writing of sixe and twentie hexameters in her sonne's commendation; all of *which you may have for nothing*, in the latter end of the sixth booke of his *Æneidos*."

We only add to this sketch of Roman obsequies, that they did not end with the final depositing of the remains in the tomb or grave. Certain days were prescribed when funereal rites (Parentationes) were observed in memory of the dead. The month of *February*,* and in an especial manner the nineteenth day thereof, were particularly set aside for those of a public nature, for these ceremonies were either public or private. They were called *Novendiales*† and *Denicales*.‡ It is conjectured by Kirchman, that the part of the corpse which was separated before burial, as above mentioned, was then used. Sacrifices or oblations (inferiæ) were offered to the infernal deities, or to the ghosts of the departed (diis manibus.) These consisted of water, wine, milk, blood, ointments, and perfumes. Feasts and games were in like manner observed. They decked also the sepulchres of friends with fillets, floral crowns of promiscuous flowers, and some in an especial manner which were appropriated to the purpose. Of these, those of purple hue, lilies, § and especially roses, were preferred. The Greeks,

* February was chosen for this object, according to Cicero, (II. Leg.) because, in the ancient Kalendar, this was the last month of the year, as December was in his times, and is in ours. The practice is supposed to be derived from the Greeks, who observed it in their Anthestiarion, or floral festival, which embraced the same part of the year. According to Ovid, the Elegiac Verse is confined to *eleven* feet, in accordance with the nineteenth day mentioned in the text, this being the eleventh before the Kalends of March, or the commencement of the new year, as anciently arranged.

† Because they lasted through nine days, or because the funeral rites were completed nine days after death.

‡ Called so, "non a *denus*, quia triduanæ erant, sed a *denico*, quod a *neco*."—Cic. II. de Leg.

§ These afforded frequent subjects of allusion to the classic poets of antiquity. A familiar Ode of Anacreon will be at once suggested to the mind. These lines of Ausonius are spirited:

"Sparge mero cineres, et odoro perlue nardo
Hospes et adde rosis balsamum puniceis,
Perpetuum mihi ver agit illacrimabilis urna,
Et commutavi secula, non obii."

Virgil, Lib. VI. *Æn*.

"Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores."

in similar services, used the amaranth, white pothos, parsley, and myrtle.

The time and observances of mourning for the departed were determined with much accuracy, though Seneca, and writers of the same school, affected to consider such practices as womanish. "A year," he says, (that is, the old Roman year of ten months,) "was the prescribed term of mourning for women; not that they were obliged to mourn so long, but were not permitted to mourn longer. There is no legitimate period for man to mourn for the dead, because there is no time in which it is becoming to do so."* But the memorable words of Antoninus Pius is an answer to all such affected stoicism: † "Permit a friend in grief to be a man; for it is no part of a true philosophy to destroy the reign of the affections." The time, within the space of a year, of legitimate mourning had reference to the age and relationship of the departed. It was not permitted in the death of children under three years of age. From that period to the age of ten, it was lawful to mourn publicly, in the proportion of one month for every year of their life, in no case exceeding ten. These laws, it will be observed, had reference to women particularly; and it was held disreputable for them to be married in less time than a year after the death of a husband. An additional reason for thus limiting the period of mourning, is supposed to be the impression, that the manes of the departed were offended at excessive grief; and to mourn beyond the accustomed period was (prolugere) to mourn excessively. As signs of grief, women cut off their hair, while men permitted theirs to grow; ashes were scattered upon the head; clothes of a black color worn; all ornaments were laid aside; an abstinence from public amusements was observed; fire and lights in their houses were avoided as far as possible; doors were kept closed; and cypress branches were placed upon the houses of the nobles, and pine upon those of the plebeians.

The *places* of sepulture, of every kind, whether of graves, tumuli, monuments, or urns, among the Romans, were, from their earliest history, *without the city*. Numa, according to

* Annum fœminis ad lugendum constituere majores non ut tam diu lugerent, sed ne diutius. Viro nullum legitimum tempus est, quia nullum honestum.—Epist. 64.

† Permite illi ut homo sit: neque enim Philosophia vel imperium tollit adfectus.

Livy, and several other authorities, was buried on Janiculum ; and this, it is well known, was added to the city by Ancus Martius. The remains of Servius Tullius were also carried outside of the city. This practice was afterwards prescribed by a law of the Twelve Tables.* In the year A. D. 490, a decree to the same effect was passed by the Senate ; and was subsequently reinforced by the Emperors Adrian, Antoninus Pius, Diocletian, and Maximian.† The same rule was observed by the Athenians, Jews, and by all, or nearly all the dwellers on the borders of the Mediterranean sea. The reasons assigned for it were two : first, it was supposed that religious places and religious rites were polluted by burials within the city ; and, second, that they were injurious to the public health. Hence graves and monuments were erected by the wayside, at the entrance of their cities. For this particular location, a further reason is assigned by Varro, "that passengers might be admonished, that they themselves were mortal, as well as those that lay interred there." Augustus and Tiberius were buried in the Via Appia, and Domitian in the Via Latina. Hence, too, is seen the appositeness of the appeal which was engraven on their monuments, "*Siste Viator.*"

These burial places were of two kinds, private and public. Of the former kind were those which were set apart by individuals for their own use, and were chosen, as has been intimated, in spots of their land which were situated on the highway. The latter kind were for those who could not avail themselves of this privilege. Public places, also, were sometimes designated for distinguished individuals, as a mark of respect ; and in some few especial cases, burial was allowed within the compass of the city.

Spencer maintains, with vast erudition, if not with entire success, the heathen origin of the Jewish rites and ceremonies, generally including those which were employed in the burial of the dead.‡ We shall not, therefore, protract this article by any particular account of these.

* *In urbe ne sepelito, neve urito.* — Cic. de Leg. II.

† See Kirchman, 225, and Bingham's *Origines Ecclesiastice*, Book XXIII. c. I. p. 420.

‡ See *Johannis Spenceri, S. T. D. etc. De Legibus Hæbræorum Ritualibus earumque Rationibus.* Ed. Christoph. Matthæi Pfeffii. Tübingen: 1732. Lib. IV. cap. ix.

Such was the care bestowed on this important subject in heathen and Jewish antiquity, and such were the forms in which it was manifested. After the introduction of Christianity, these forms were materially changed. Indeed, the early Fathers and Confessors of the Church seem to have thought that everything regarding these, as well as other ceremonies, was *pro-Christian* in the same degree that it was *anti-pagan*. The attention, moreover, which was paid both to the dying and the dead, was not only marked by those natural expressions of tenderness which are common to all nations, but by some peculiar tokens of that Christian love which is the "fulfilling of the law," and of that hope which looks beyond the grave. The final wishes, counsels, exhortations, and prayers of the dying were religiously treasured up; their requests concerning the disposal of their property were carefully observed; they were attended by the different orders of their clergy, who administered every possible solace and support; prayers were offered for them in the churches; the sign of the cross was administered to them; and friends and relatives gathered around to give and receive the last expressions of endearment.

It has already been mentioned, that the practice of cremation or burning gradually died out nearly at the time of the two Antonines, and probably through the influence of the Christian Fathers. It is certain it was always held in abhorrence by the early Christians,* "who retained," as one of their apologists said, "the ancient custom of inhumation as more eligible and commodious." The practice, however, of embalming was in the first ages of the church, by no means uncommon. This was probably suggested by the usage of the Jews, and particularly by what is said in the Gospels of the burial of Christ, since it was hence esteemed a mark of honor. There was another obvious reason for it, and this was the fact, that they were often obliged to assemble for religious worship in their places of sepulture. It was observed also, in token of their faith in the future resurrection of the body, in its incorruptible state. They differed from the ancient heathens in respect to the time of burial, since they preferred, in all cases when it was practicable, to perform this service by day, and not, as the

* See Bingham, above referred to, of whose learned and intelligent labors we shall freely avail ourselves, in this part of the subject, without a more particular acknowledgment.

latter did, by night.* The use, however, of lighted tapers or torches was continued. The Eucharist was frequently solemnized at their funerals. They observed the practice, common to most nations, of closing the eyes of the dying, but did not open them again as the Romans did, since this, with them, was a symbol of the peaceful slumber of the departed until the last trump should wake them. They omitted the "conclamations," practised by the Romans; and instead of exposing the dead bodies at the porches of their houses, they placed them in the interior of their dwellings, or in the church. They appointed, in the true spirit of their faith, an order of men, who bore a semi-clerical character, whose especial business it was to attend upon the sick poor, and give them a decent burial when dead. These were called "Parabolani," from the circumstance of their exposing their lives amidst contagious disease. In the time of Constantine, and as is supposed, through his influence, a class of persons was appointed, called "Copiatæ," who performed offices similar to those of the "Libitanarii" and "Vespillones," above mentioned. The office of Sextons was held in high esteem. They substituted in the place of the doggel Nœnia of the Roman Præficæ, and of the pipers and trumpeters, anthems and sacred hymns, which were conceived in a tone of triumph, rather than of mourning. "What mean our hymns?" says Chrysostom. "Do we not glorify God that hath crowned the departed, and set him free from all fear?" They used coffins, and in this respect observed the custom of the heathens, and departed from that of the Jews, who merely wrapped the body in grave-clothes. They placed branches of laurel, ivy, and other evergreen plants under the head of the corpse, when deposited in the sarcophagus, in token that death was not the end of life,† and in contradistinction to the practice of the Greeks and Romans, who employed, for a similar purpose, the cypress, which, for the reason above stated, was an emblem of utter death. But the practice of these nations, of crowning the corpse with garlands, they rejected as idolatrous. Tertullian, with no great wisdom,

* The early Christians were obliged to resort to burial by night, to avoid persecution and insult. The same practice prevails still in Italy, and in papal countries generally. The English royal family always observes the custom of burial in the night time.

† Ex Ritualibus Durandi, quoted by Quenstedius, cap. v.

urges this objection ; and Minucius argued against it with singular inaptness, when he said, that " if the dead be happy he needs no flowers, and if he be miserable they cannot please him." * They rejected, altogether, the repetition of the mourning ceremonies on the third, seventh, and ninth day, above referred to, as well as all offerings of milk, wine, and flowers ; and in fine, substituted for all other offerings and ceremonies, solemn religious rites, prayers, and alms-deeds. Before the establishment of convents, says Weever, " men and women, though of equall degree and qualitie, were borne in a different manner to their graves. Man was borne upon men's shoulders to signifie his dignitie and superioritie to his wife ; and woman at the armes end, to signifie, that being inferior to man in her life time, she should not be equalled with him at her death. Which continued for a long time, until women, by renouncing the world, and living monasticall religious lives, got such an honorable esteeme in the world, that they were thought no less worthie of honour in that kinde than men." Instead of the images, insignia, and trophies, which were borne before the bier in heathen funerals, the early Christians carried a cross, and, sometimes, branches of palm. Church bells, which are said to have been first introduced by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, (from whom was derived the modern Latin term (*nola*) for bell,) were first tolled † at funerals in the eighth century. The corpses were placed in the grave in the posture of repose, and always facing the east.‡ Professing, as the early Fathers of the Church did, to regard death as a release from toil and suffering, and as being, therefore, rather a joyful than painful event, they discountenanced all excessive grief and mourning for the dead. Augustine severely censured the custom, derived from the Romans, of wearing black. It was, however, always employed as a sign of grief in the Greek Church, and its use afterwards became general. No particular period of

* " Cum et beatus non egeat, et miser non gaudeat."

† This is plain from inscriptions on bells. This is one :

" Laudo Deum verum ; plebem voco ; congresso clerum ;
Defunctos ploro ; nimbium fugo ; festaque honoro."

‡ The reasons for this were, " Christiani solent sepelire : 1. *Supinos*, quia mors nostra proprie non est mors, sed brevis quidam somnus ; 2. *Vultu ad cælum converso*, quia solum in cælo spes nostra fundata est ; 3. *Versus orientem*, argumento sperandæ et exoptandæ resurrectionis." Quenstedt, De Sepult. Vet.

mourning was prescribed. It was left to custom, and to the feelings of survivors. Prayers for the dead were offered in the early ages of the Church, since Tertullian, who died A. D. 220, speaks of them as customary in his time; and the practice of offering them lasted to the period of the Reformation. In other respects, the funeral rites were so similar to those which have since prevailed in Christendom, that we need not dwell longer upon them. We pass them by, moreover, thus summarily, that we may advert to a subject which now more immediately concerns us. This is, the *places* which have been used by Christians of earlier and later times for the burial of the dead.

That the Christians, in their very first origin, appropriated peculiar spots to this purpose, is evident, from the fact, that such places, in times of persecution, were used, "in silence and in fear," for their public religious services. These were called by the beautiful appellation, Κοιμητήρια, *Cemeteryia*, *Dormitories*, *Places of Repose*, because they regarded death but as a sleep, and the grave but as a quiet resting place, until the morning of the Resurrection.* They were called, also, *Arce Sepulorum*, and *Cryptæ*, and *Arenaria*, because they were often subterranean crypts or vaults, dug out of the sand. These terms were used indiscriminately for burying places and places of public religious worship. These caves were commonly excavated at the foot of a hill, the entrance was carefully concealed, and they were rendered accessible by means of a ladder. They were sometimes of vast extent; and the depth so great, that two or three stories were placed one above another; and the whole aspect of them resembled a subterranean city. The early Christians were hence called by their contemporaries, a "light-hating people." This habitual familiarity with the dead is supposed to be one cause of their well known insensibility to death; and, taken in connexion with their vivid and realizing faith, led them to covet, rather than to shun, the thorny crown of martyrdom. But it is a mistake to infer from this, as has been done, that it was the custom of the early Christians to bury the dead in churches. On the contrary, this

* Chrysostom, tom. lxxxi. St. Paul expresses the same thought, when he compares the buried body to the seed sown. The Hebrews called their burial places "houses of the living," and the Germans denominated them *Gottes-acher*, or God's harvest-field.

was expressly forbidden ; and the true state of the fact is, that they did not bury in places of worship, but worshipped in places of burial. That burial in churches was prohibited by the Roman Emperors, down to as late a period as the year A. D. 300, has already been stated ; and the early Christians were not a class of men to break public laws gratuitously, or where conscience was not concerned. The fact, however, is plain, from accounts that St. Jerome gives of his visits to the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, when he was a school-boy at Rome ; and the testimony of Baronius, and of that ancient writer who takes the name of St. Chrysostom,* is to the same effect. When the Emperors and the laws became Christian, the prohibition against burying in cities remained in full force ; and when an attempt was made in Constantinople to evade it, by burying in churches, under pretence that this was not prohibited, it was reinforced by Theodosius, and all burying within churches was also prohibited, under heavy penalties, both of ashes and relics kept in urns above-ground, and of bodies laid in coffins. They were all required to be carried and deposited without the city, and the same reasons relating to the public morals and the public health assigned, as has been stated above. In the fourth century an especial honor was paid to the memory of the Martyrs, by erecting churches over the places where their remains had been buried, or by carrying these remains to the churches within the city. This seemed to have first suggested the practice of burying in churches, but this distinction was for a long time confined to these relics. Constantine had desired to be buried *near* the apostles, to whose honor he had erected a church. This was literally complied with. He was buried, not *within* the church, as is commonly asserted, but “near” it, that is, in the Atrium, or porch of the church. “His son,” says St. Chrysostom,† “thought he did his father great honor to bury him in the Fisherman’s Porch. And what porters are to Emperors in their own palaces, the same are the Emperors to the Fishermen in their graves.” From the death of Constantine, in the beginning of the fourth century, to the commencement of the

* “Consider,” says St. Chrysostom, (arguing with sinners, whom he regarded as no better than graves and sepulchres, as being dead in trespasses and sins,) “that no grave is allowed to be made in the city ; therefore, neither canst thou appear in the city that is above.”

† Hom. lx. in 2 Cor.

sixth, the privilege first awarded to his remains, that of being buried in the *porch* of the church, was in like manner, in especial instances, granted to kings and emperors. In the beginning of the sixth century, the people, generally, seem to have been admitted to the same privilege of being buried in the Atrium, or church-yard, but were still excluded from the church itself. Between the sixth and tenth centuries, this latter privilege was granted, by special laws, to certain kings, bishops, founders of churches, and other eminent persons. From the last named period to the Decree of Pope Leo III., which is preserved by Gregory IX. in his Decretals, about the year A. D. 1230, the privilege, as it was considered, of being buried *within* the church itself, seems to have been left to be awarded according to the discretion of the bishops and presbyters of the church. From the period of these Decretals, the ruin of the old laws, according to Bingham,* is to be dated, since "they took away that little power that was left in the hands of bishops, to let people bury in the church or not, as they should judge proper in their discretion, and put the right and possession of burying places into the hands of private families. And those who had no such right, being led by their ambition, or superstition, could easily purchase a right to be buried in the church, which was a thing that emperors themselves did not pretend to ask in former ages." In confirmation of the above, we quote a passage from Willis's Reports, to which we are indebted for a sensible essay, published in this country.† "When Popery," says the learned Justice Abney, "grew to its height, and blind superstition had weakened and enervated the laity, and emboldened the clergy to pillage the laity, then, in the time of Pope Gregory the First, and soon after, other canons were made, that bishops, abbots, priests, and faithful laymen, were permitted the honor of burial in the church itself, and all other parishioners in the church-yard, on a pretence, that their relations and friends, on a frequent view of their sepulchres, would be moved to pray for the good of their departed souls. And as the parish priest was, by the canon law, sole judge of the merits of the dead, and the fitness of burial in the church, and alone could determine who was a faithful layman, they only were judged faithful, whose executor

* Antiq. Ch. Ch. B. xxiii. c. 1.

† "Hints on the subject of Interments within the city of Philadelphia." Philadelphia: 1838.

came up to the price of the priest ; and they only were allowed burial in the church, and the poorer sort were buried in the churchyard." Dr. Rees confirms the above, and adds that to this superstition, and the profit arising from it, we may ascribe the origin of churchyards. The practice of the Romish church, as introduced by Gregory, was carried to England by Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year A. D. 750 ; and the practice of erecting vaults in churches, and under altars, was begun by Lanfrac, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year A. D. 1075.

We have thus endeavored to condense into as few words as possible, what we suppose to be, substantially and truly, the whole history of this subject. It appears that from the foundation of the city of Rome, until the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era, a period of more than a thousand years, no burials whatsoever were permitted within the city, and still less within any temple or church. That it was permitted to Constantine, about the year of our Lord 300, to be buried "near" a church, that is, in the Atrium, or porch ; and that in the subsequent part of the fourth, and during the course of the fifth century, the privilege, so called, was granted, sparingly, to some distinguished persons. That in the sixth century, the practice began of admitting the people to burial in the churchyard, but not in the church ; and also of allowing some particularly eminent or favored persons to be buried within the church. That from this period to the thirteenth century, the subject of similar admissions was left to the discretion of the clergy, who made of them a profitable but most disgraceful use. And that, from the last mentioned period to the present, sepulture within churches and churchyards, which had been granted as a boon by the clergy to the laity, has been claimed as a right.

But whatever may be the history of this practice, it is, to the last degree, exceptionable. We respond entirely to the sentiment of the learned *Rivet*, as quoted by Bingham, in connexion with this subject. "This custom," says he, "which covetousness and superstition first brought in, I wish it were abolished, with other relics of superstition among us ; and that the ancient custom was revived, to have public burying-places in the *free and open field, without the gates of cities*. This would be more convenient for civil uses also. Because, in close places, they cannot but be affected with the nauseous

smell of dead bodies. There is no good done by it to the dead, and the living are in manifest danger by it, especially in the time of contagious distempers, when infected bodies are promiscuously buried in churches, [and he might add cities, for the same reason,] wherein men daily meet and assemble together ; a thing," he adds, " which, not without reason, has ever appeared horrible to me, and to many others." We have no desire to refer again to this revolting subject, and shall advert to no more of those disgusting and horrible details, which abound in the authentic statistics * which have been published in respect to it. We give a single extract from the "*Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*," a work conducted by eminent surgeons and physicians in Paris, and which expresses, we believe, the uniform sentiments of the whole profession, there and elsewhere. "It is, at this day, well known, and has been satisfactorily demonstrated, *that burials in cities greatly endanger the public health* ; that the miasmata disengaged from burying places, may, and often have, caused frightful catastrophes ; and that they not only give more virulence to prevailing maladies, but also originate contagious diseases, whose ravages have been terrible."

This obvious fact, taken in connexion with the strong and ever-recurring necessity, in cities and large towns, of providing suitable burial for the dead, to say nothing of higher moral and religious considerations, has led, in different countries and times, to the establishment of cemeteries, at a distance from the abodes of the living. This practice, which has, of late, been happily renewed in this country and in Europe, dates back at least to the time of Abraham, who bought the "field of Ephron," for this purpose. The body of Joseph was buried in a plat of ground in Shechem. † Moses was buried in a valley of Moab ; Eleazer on a "hill that pertained to Phinehas ;" and Manasseh "in the garden of Uzza ;" and the same practice continued down to the last period of the national existence of the Jews ; since we find that the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which became the temporary sepulchre of our Saviour, was near Golgotha ; those who are said to have arisen from the dead, at the

* See, as a specimen, the pamphlet already alluded to, entitled "Hints on the Subject of Interments," particularly pp. 16, 17.

† Sychar, of the New Testament, a city of Samaria, where was that well of Jacob, at which our Saviour held his memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria.

crucifixion, *returned* to the city ; and the demoniac, who broke his chains, is described as having *fled to the desert, and dwelt among tombs*. The Egyptians, as we have seen, placed their thronged "cities of the dead" without the borders of the cities of the living. While some of the Grecians permitted, at least occasionally, burials within cities, the Athenians disallowed the practice altogether. The Ceramicus was a public cemetery, situated on the road to Thria, and it was here that all their distinguished men were buried. Within the confines of this the academy of Plato was situated, with its garden and gymnasium, and the river Cephissus ; and, according to Plato, the tomb of Ariadne was in the Arethusian Groves of Crete. The sepulchres and monuments of the Corinthians were among groves of cypresses. On the now deserted coast of Karamania, are still to be seen the remains of funeral monuments, which were placed in the environs of the once splendid cities of Asia Minor. The practice of the Romans, through the whole course of their history, was the same, and that also of the early Christians. The ancient Germans buried their dead in groves consecrated by religious services. The Eastern nations, and particularly the Turks, have always been distinguished for their reverential care of their places of interment. Viewing death with no terror or gloom, they endeavor to divest the grave of all sad and revolting associations, by surrounding it with every local charm, and by making it a place of common and delightful resort. It is made a part of their religion to plant, at the head and foot of each grave, a cypress tree ; and thus, in the course of time, their cemeteries are converted into dense and shady groves. The burial place of Scutari is said to be the most delightful spot in the vicinity of Constantinople ; "and probably," says a lively and observant traveller,* "the world cannot produce such another, as regards extent or pictorial effect." The great Turkish burial ground, just outside of the wall of Jerusalem, near St. Steven's Gate, is the favorite place of promenading for the whole Turkish population in that city. It is adorned with trees and flowers in a high state of cultivation ; and is regularly visited once a week, and, as a matter of religious observance, every holiday.† The Afghans call their cemeteries the "cities of the silent," and hang garlands on the

* Miss Pardoe.

† Incidents of Travel, Vol. II.

tombs of the departed, under the impression that their ghosts, each seated at the head of his own grave, enjoy their fragrance. The churchyards in the reductions of Paraguay were so many gardens. The Moravian Brethren have long been in the habit of converting their burial places into haunts of rural loveliness; and they are beautifully designated by them as the "Fields of Peace." The tombs of the Chinese are always erected out of their cities. In Denmark, Venice, Prague, Vienna, and in many other places in continental Europe; in Lima, in South America; in Port au Prince; in the Island of Ceylon; in Greenland; the practice of interring the dead within cities is prohibited. Even the Hottentots and North American Indians remove them away from the abodes of the living. The same practice has, of late years, been adopted and enforced in France. At the commencement of the present century, the burial places within the limits of the city of Paris were closed by order of the government; and in the vicinity, but without the confines of the crowded population, four cemeteries, as above stated, have been established. In England, since the year 1832, the attention of the public has been called to this subject; and in the neighborhood of London, no less than four cemeteries have been set apart, and elaborately arranged and ornamented. Those at Kensal Green and Highgate are on the North and Northwest, that of Norwood is on the South, that of Westminster is on the West, and that of Abney Park is on the East side of the city. The last of these, according to Mr. Collison, is beautiful, admirably adapted to the purpose, and is rich in historical recollections.* It possesses, moreover, the great advantage of being *free from Episcopal consecration*, the effect of which is to prevent the clergy of other denominations from performing a burial service within the consecrated ground, and a dissenter from being buried in the same place with his nearest relation and friend, if the latter should happen to belong to the Established Church. It further recognises no right in the incumbent of any parish to

* "In the village of Stoke-Newington, in which this Cemetery is situated, several distinguished persons have resided. Among these may be mentioned, Daniel Defoe, General Fleetwood, Thomas Day, (author of *Sandford and Merton*), John Howard, (the Philanthropist,) Dr. Aiken, and his sister, Mrs. Barbauld. Dr. Isaac Watts passed the greater part of his life on that estate which is now converted to the Cemetery, and wrote there the greater part of his works." — Collison.

demand funeral fees, when a dead body is removed for funeral, out of the precincts of said parish; an assumption which is elsewhere made and enforced. In fine, the "projectors of Abney Park Cemetery determined, that it should be placed upon the broad, liberal principles of being alike open to all." We are happy to add, that the success of this establishment has answered to the enlightened principles on which it has been conducted. In addition to the above, there are two cemeteries at Liverpool. One is called the "Necropolis," in a suburb of the town, conveniently situated, but is of narrow extent. It has never been consecrated, and pays no fees to parochial clergy; and, on these accounts particularly, it has proved a successful enterprise.* The other cemetery occupies the site of an ancient quarry. It is, however, badly situated, being in the midst of the city; and must, therefore, whatever be its outward adornments, ultimately prove, if occupied as its founders intend and expect, one vast plague spot to the surrounding inhabitants.

In this country, a strong and commendable interest in regard to rural cemeteries has recently been awakened. The successful establishment of that of Mount Auburn seems to have been the proximate cause of this. A general feeling, indeed, of the need of some appropriate resting-place for the remains of departed friends, has long prevailed with many intelligent persons, in different parts of the country; but it found no fitting expression until it found it here. The choice and general arrangement of the grounds were, in the highest degree, felicitous. The spot itself is singularly suggestive of those trains of thought and feeling that belong to the Place of Graves; and when its native loveliness was revealed by the hand of taste; when it was yet further illustrated, but not encumbered, by the structures and ornaments that affection reared; when, especially, it was hallowed by the relics of the dead; it became a resort peculiarly sacred to solemn musings and tender recollections. It was then felt to be one, where a deep want of the soul, that had long been strongly felt, was, for the first time, fully met and supplied. It was soon followed, in consequence, by others in various parts of our broad land. Rural cemeteries are already established in Salem, Worcester, Springfield, Lowell,

* More than eighteen thousand bodies have been deposited there since its establishment fifteen years ago.

Plymouth, and in other of the large towns in this State ; in Nashua, and Portsmouth, in New Hampshire ; in the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York ; while an increased and constantly increasing attention is bestowed on repairing and ornamenting the old graveyards in various sections of the country.

If we had not already exceeded the limits that may be thought proper to a paper like this, we should offer some thoughts, which seem to us just and timely, on the Forms of Burial ; on Funereal Structures ; (particularly reprobating tombs or vaults, as an offence and an annoyance,) on the Emblems and Symbols usually found on sepulchral monuments ; on Inscriptions and Epitaphs ; (on all which subjects there is much need of improvement,) and, especially, would we call public attention to the necessity, which seems not yet to be recognised amongst us, as it is abroad, of chapels in our cemeteries, where the last religious rites may be performed. But we must dismiss all these topics with this general reference, and only add, that we regard the establishment of these rural burying-places as one of the happy signs of the times. They are due to the dead. They are consolatory to the living. They are fraught with moral and religious uses, which no good man will willingly forego. They afford a retreat from the conflicting interests, and false and frivolous shows of ordinary life, where our violent and wicked strifes on religious and political subjects may, for a while, be checked ; where that all-absorbing lust of gain, which is eating, canker-like, into the very heart of the people, may find a temporary sedative ; and where, in a word, thoughtful persons may go, in silence and in peace, and amidst propitious influences of earth and sky, and with all the suggestive tokens of the departed around them, to think of their highest aims, and their ultimate responsibilities ; and to consider how solemn a thing it is to live in a world like this, to die out of it, and to enter on the unseen realities of an eternal state.

J. B.

ART. II.—*Lectures on Spiritual Christianity.* By ISAAC TAYLOR, Author of "Physical Theory of Another Life," "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Home Education," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

IN his "Natural History of Enthusiasm," Mr. Taylor made his first appearance before the public, and became at once very conspicuous, not only by the originality and power displayed in that work, but also by the annunciation of his purpose of describing, in its various forms, the fictitious piety that has corrupted the Christian church. He proposed to follow the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* with successive works on *Fanaticism*, *Superstition*, and its attendant *Credulity*, *Spiritual Despotism*, *Corruption of Morals*, and *Skepticism*. As yet he has not completed his plan, but has only put forth "*Fanaticism and Spiritual Despotism*." Meanwhile he turned his mind to more attractive themes, and gave us his "*Physical Theory of Another Life*," and his "*Home Education*." Lately he has virtually, although not formally, resumed his former plan; and in his treatise on *Ancient Christianity*, and his recent *Lectures on Spiritual Christianity*, he has battled against what he deems to be some of the forms of spurious or corrupted religion.

Although his style is very far from being attractive, Mr. Taylor is always an interesting and instructive writer. His personal position, as well as the relation he sustains to the great theological parties of his country and the age, cannot fail to win for him the respect and attention of candid and thoughtful minds. His devotion to spiritual studies does not spring from the necessary demands of his profession, but from pure love for them. As we understand it, he was bred to the law; and he presents the not very common example of a lawyer and a layman consecrating his time and talents to theological pursuits. Thus, from his personal position, he has a high claim upon our respect, both as to his motives and resources. Loving theology for its own sake, he brings into its service a practical sense and varied knowledge, which have not been the most common gifts of theologians.

The relation, which Mr. Taylor sustains to the leading religious interests of the day, is highly significant. By birth and education a Dissenter, and he son of a staunch Nonconformist clergyman, he inherited his father's zeal, but not the patrimony

of his ecclesiastical opinions. His tastes were too refined to give him delight in the stern manners and meagre ritual of his father's communion. He went over to the Episcopal Church, and thus presents an example of a tendency, which is said by some to be quite prevalent among the Puritan race, to return from Congregational independence to Episcopal authority. At the same time, he is a sturdy champion of what he deems the evangelical freedom of true Episcopacy; and shows himself, in his two last works, an unsparing antagonist of the despotic system maintained by the Oxford theologians. After speaking of the book before us, we will say a few words of Mr. Taylor, in reference to his position between the faith of his fathers and that of the Oxfordites, — his middle ground between Congregationalism and ultra Episcopacy.

The Lectures on Spiritual Christianity are four in number. They were delivered at the instance of the Committee of the "London City Mission." They were not intended for a systematic digest of theology, nor for a formal biblical argument; but were projected with the hope of "directing the attention of well-educated persons to the great principles of the Gospel; and especially as put in jeopardy by the wide diffusion of opinions, which would substitute the 'vain inventions' of antiquity for the purity and simplicity of apostolic Christianity."

The first lecture treats of the Exterior Characteristics of Spiritual Christianity. It maintains that Christianity is a religion of facts; of facts with which all men, without exception and without distinction, and in an equal degree, are personally concerned; that, as a religion of facts, it induces a new relationship between man and his Maker; that these facts, when admitted as true, are of a kind to excite, and to maintain in activity, the warmest and the most profound emotions of which men are susceptible, according to the individual constitution of their minds. The most striking passage in this Lecture is an illustration of the historical truth of the gospels, drawn from the wonderful beauty and sublimity of our Lord's life and teachings, and from the indissoluble connexion between the exalted morality of the Gospel and the truth of the facts of the Gospel. This point, however, has been so much elaborated by writers of our own faith, that we cannot thank Mr. Taylor for any new light upon it.

The second Lecture treats of the truths peculiar to Spiritual Christianity, and is by far the most important of the course, as

showing the views of a wise, candid, and devout man upon the essentials of Christian faith. The author states, in the outset, that he does not intend to include, in his view of the truths peculiar to Spiritual Christianity, those truths which it shares in common with natural theology, or with what he regards as a mutilated Christianity. He also sets off from his enumeration certain articles of belief, clearly attested, indeed, as he thinks, by Christ and the apostles, but which are not properly elements of the Gospel; such, for instance, as the doctrine of human depravity, and of future punishment. Moreover, he startles us with the assertion, that orthodoxy itself, although essential to Christianity, is yet of itself not Christianity, since it has been found so often to consist with corruptions of religion. Maintaining a trinitarian faith to be the basis of Christian piety, he yet makes the following important admissions:—

“Orthodoxy *alone* is not, we say, Christianity, for it has consisted with the widest departures from its purport. More than a little constancy of faith and strength of mind are demanded in travelling over the road of the trinitarian controversy, from the early years of the third century, onward, toward modern times; and if our belief have not previously been firmly grounded upon the proper biblical evidence, it is probable that the perusal of this history will breed doubt, disgust, suspicion; and will end in a heterodox conclusion.

“The Greek mind, which had relinquished none of the faults of a better age, and which retained few of its admirable qualities, and which had been schooled in nugatory disputation by a degenerate philosophy, a sophistical logic, and a spurious rhetoric, found its field in the trinitarian argument. Ponderous tomes have brought this argument down to our times; but how much of the warm apostolic feeling do these books present to our view? Something indeed; but not more in proportion to the mass, than there are grains of the precious metal to be gathered from a mud bank, in the offing of a gold coast.

“Orthodoxy, very early severed from evangelical truth, showed at once what was its quality, when so divorced. Some time before the breaking out of the trinitarian controversy, a discipline and course of life directly contravening the first principle of the Gospel had received the almost unanimous homage of the church, throughout the world, and was applauded, on all sides, as the highest style of Christian piety.

“What moral influence was orthodoxy likely to exert, when it fell into the hands of those who had overlooked, or who virtually denied, the truths which alone can bring it home to the

heart? The Saviour, forgotten as "the end of the law, for righteousness, to every one that believeth," was soon forgotten also as the "one Mediator between God and man." Most instructive is the fact, that, at the very moment when trinitarian doctrine was the most hotly contended for, and punctiliously professed, mediators many, and gods many, and goddesses many were receiving, under the auspices, and by the encouragement of the great preachers, theologians, and bishops of the time, the fervent devotions of the multitude! It was to these potent intercessors that sincere petitions were addressed; while to the Trinity was offered — a doxology! Whenever men were in real trouble, and when they needed and heartily desired help from above, they sought it, where they believed they should the soonest find it — at the shrines of the martyrs, or of the Virgin. No fact of church history carries a heavier lesson than that which we gather when, listening to the perorations of the great preachers of the age of orthodoxy, we hear them, first invoking, with animation, and high sounding phrases, a saint in the heavens, while the finger pointed to his glittering shrine: and then ascribing "honor and glory" to the Trinity!

"Orthodoxy, by itself, does not touch the conscience, does not quicken the affections; it does not connect itself, in any manner, with the moral faculties. It is not a religion, but a theory; and inasmuch as it awakens no spiritual feelings, it consists easily with either the grossest absurdities, or with the grossest corruptions.

"Orthodoxy, powerless when alone, becomes even efficient for evil at the moment when it combines itself with asceticism, superstition, and hierarchical ambition. What is the religious history of Europe, through a long course of time, but a narrative of the horrors and the immoralities that have sprung from this very combination?

"Heterodoxy, which has long been the temptation of the continental protestant churches, has at length wrought their ruin; — or, at the best, has left them in an expiring condition. But in perfect equity must it not be acknowledged that orthodoxy, severed from evangelic truth, has been the temptation of England; and that, at this moment, by reviving its ancient connexion with superstition, it gives just alarm to the true sons of the reformers?" — pp. 98 – 101.

Further, setting aside from his enumeration some points of belief, which have been subjects of dispute among the adherents of what he calls evangelical piety, Mr. Taylor places first in order and magnitude, among the truths peculiar to Spiritual

Christianity, the doctrine of the propitiation effected by the Son of God, so held as to sustain the consequent doctrine of the full and absolute restoration of guilty man to the favor of God, on his acceptance of this method of mercy ; or, as it is technically phrased, "Justification through faith." He maintains that this doctrine rests upon two mysteries,—the incarnation, and the atonement,—two incomprehensible mysteries ; yet that the doctrine of justification through faith is far from being incomprehensible, but "turns upon the well understood relations of a forensic substitution, which are among the clearest with which we have to do."

That we may not misrepresent our author's view of the office of the sacrifice of Christ, we will refer to his own words : —

"In the justification of man through the mediation of Christ, man individually, as guilty, and his Divine Sponsor, *personally competent to take upon himself such a part*, stand forward in the Court of Heaven ; there to be severally dealt with as the honor of Law shall demand ; and if the representative of the guilty be indeed thus qualified, in the eye of the law, and if the guilty, on his part, freely accept this mode of satisfaction, then, when the one recedes from the position of danger, and the other steps into it, Justice, having already admitted both the competency of the substitute, and the sufficiency of the substitution, is itself silent.

"Such a transaction does indeed originate in grace or favor ; but yet if it satisfy law, it can be open to no species of after interference. Now in the method of justification through faith, God himself solemnly proclaims that the rectitude of his government is not violated ; nor the sanctity of his law compromised. It is He who declares that, in this method, he "may be just while justifying the ungodly." After such a proclamation from Heaven has been made, 'who is he that condemneth ? It is God that justifieth !' " — pp. 110, 111.

Of course it is not in place here to enter into an argument upon the doctrine of the Atonement, since Mr. Taylor presupposes the doctrine of the Trinity as the basis of the Atonement ; and we are not disposed, at present, to enter upon that subject. But we cannot but question the assertion, that the idea of substitution of the innocent for the guilty, as maintained in the doctrine of vicarious atonement, turns upon well understood relations. No human relation, with which we are acquainted, allows innocence to bear the punishment of guilt ; and all at-

tempts to explain a vicarious atonement by analogy entirely fail. If the doctrine is authoritatively revealed in Scripture, let it be regarded as a truth of revelation, and be ranked among incomprehensible mysteries. All attempts to explain the doctrine rationally only serve to make it the more enigmatic.

Mr. Taylor avows that his doctrine of justification by faith in the atonement implies a great mystery; but declares it to be no greater a mystery that guilty man should be delivered from the hands of justice by the personal intervention of his sovereign, than that man, feeble as he is, and frail, should, by the Creator and Sovereign of the universe, be held personally answerable for the acts of so brief a course. He is right, if man, feeble and frail as he is, must be regarded as answerable for not being perfect as an angel, and is to be doomed to endless misery for coming short of heavenly perfection, unless some mediator bear the penalty of his sins. But since we deny this notion, we must deny the analogy between the two mysteries, which our author brings into comparison. We deny that man is to be punished merely for the imperfections of his nature, and are thus ready to deny the doctrine that his wilful guilt is to be atoned for by another's righteousness.

We must confess that the pertinacity and apparent love, with which so many Christians cling to the doctrine of vicarious atonement, have often caused us no small perplexity, and led to no little reflection. We have no doubt that Mr. Taylor heartily believes this doctrine, and regards it as the great essential of Christian faith. He urges it upon us with a sweet earnestness, that is far more effective than all the fierce dogmatism, which is so common with those who undertake to set forth the doctrine. We cannot but believe that evangelical Christians, as they call themselves, have a very important Christian truth wrapped up in their dogma of vicarious atonement and justification through faith. Need we accept their dogma, in order to enjoy the truth? Without regarding Christ as a literal substitute for the sinner, may we not regard him as giving himself an offering of love, as bearing by his sufferings at the hands of man the consequences that man ought to have borne, and as thus giving us a fearful exhibition of the results of human sin, and of the power and tenderness of divine mercy? By his teachings, works, and life, Christ has labored and suffered in our stead; and by the influences he has imparted, new peace and hope have been poured into the souls of the faithful. In

his death, his teachings, works, and life were finally consummated, so that they, who really believe in his death, must also believe in his doctrines, his miracles, and his holiness. They must also believe in his resurrection, and in the eternal life. Moreover, without accepting the doctrine of a literal vicarious atonement, one may believe in a new dispensation of the spirit, as the result of Christ's death and entrance into the spiritual world, — that truth so plainly taught in the Gospel. Without any vicarious atonement, in the technical sense, the believer may find peace of mind by trusting in the pardoning love of God, as revealed in Christ; and may say, with Paul, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith unto this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

Mr. Taylor insists upon his doctrine of justification, not so much in opposition to those who find difficulties in it, as to those who virtually nullify, while professing to accept it; that is, the Romanists and Oxfordites, who, not content with one expiation for sin, put their trust in masses and rites, which aim to reiterate the original sacrifice.

We will say nothing more of this second Lecture, except to mention the two truths peculiar to Spiritual Christianity, which the author ranks with the one already stated: the sovereign and abiding influence of the Holy Spirit in renovating the soul in each instance in which it is renovated; and a cordial reception of justification through faith, and the sovereign indwelling influences of the Holy Spirit, as bringing a settled and affectionate sense of security, or peace and joy in believing, which becomes the spring of holy tempers and virtuous conduct.

The third Lecture is upon the Ethical Characteristics of Spiritual Christianity. The author starts with protesting against that grovelling view of Christian morality, which makes it to consist merely in a set of rules or precepts, and not in living principles of the soul. He maintains that the progress of the spirit of the Gospel, and not the mere prohibition of prevalent evils, is to reform society. He illustrates his position by considering the influence of Christianity in elevating the condition of woman, in rebuking slavery and war; and aims to show that preaching the Gospel, instead of fighting against special evils, is the great engine of social reform. Without denying the success of the efforts to repress the use of intoxicating liquors,

he is unwilling to give them the name of the temperance reform, since these efforts are directed against a special evil, and not against intemperance in its true sense, and moreover involve pleas and pretexts, which common sense rejects. He warns men of the doctrine that it is vain for them to hope to become virtuous, or to control their passions by the sway of the higher nature over the lower. He also condemns the error of teaching the belief that they may become virtuous on some other than the highest principles. The former error he regards as countenancing a sordid expediency, and the latter as bringing high moral truth into contempt, and establishing a heartless conventionality in its place.

Upon Spiritual Christianity, and upon that alone, he takes his stand as the basis of genuine virtue. Its first characteristic, he affirms, consists in the sovereign importance it attaches to Truth, as furnishing the only solid support for the motives of self-government, purity, and charity. Its second characteristic is placed in its *oneness of principles*, or *concentration of motives*. He finds its true centre in the doctrine of justification by faith. Trust in the righteousness of Christ inspires humility, and leads to the true standard of virtue, and the indwelling spirit imparts the genuine motives to virtue. Loyalty to Christ thus constitutes the essence of Christian morality, — to Christ, from whom comes at once the motive to duty, and the idea of all that is beautiful in virtue. Our author declares the great characteristic of the Christian institute to consist in love, not only as a feeling, but also as a principle of communion or visible fellowship. Upon this point, as well as the other points of Christian ethics, he sternly rebukes those who, like the Oxford divines, separate the communion of true Christian believers, and substitute mere rules and rituals for a living gospel obedience.

The fourth and last Lecture is upon Spiritual Christianity as the hope of the World at the present moment. He has no faith in the power of civilization, or general benevolence alone, to redeem the world from its evils; but maintains, that the life-giving doctrine of the Gospel is the only means of renovating the human family; — that this doctrine rebukes the mighty, has promises for the most degraded, and is the great agent for establishing the divine kingdom upon earth. He maintains that the Gospel imparts the strongest motives for helping the temporal and spiritual welfare of others, and inspires an active zeal

equal in intensity to the power of faith. In the third place, the Gospel not only thus gives all men importance as immortal beings, and breathes humanity and compassion, but contains a law of diffusion; a law which is not only a statute of revelation, but an impulse of genuine faith. In the fourth place, Christianity is the great hope of the world, since it is superior to every visible institution; and in the fifth place, because it offers a ground of cordial combination, for all purposes of religious benevolence, among its true adherents. Under this last head, Mr. Taylor speaks with great severity of the exclusiveness of the High Church party of England, in keeping aloof from the religious and philanthropic enterprises of the day; and evinces a catholicity of feeling, which might be well imitated on this side of the Atlantic.

We have now given a hasty outline of these Lectures on Spiritual Christianity. The pleasure of communing with a mind, so rich and pure as the author's, would be sufficient to requite the task. We always make a point of reading all that comes from his pen. But, as hinted at the outset of this article, we have an object in view beside gratification. Mr. Taylor's theological position should give him much interest, not merely as a representative of certain tendencies in the English Church, but also as an index of certain theological movements in our own country.

As educated in the Nonconformist school, and in early life deeply imbued with the spirit and doctrine of the Puritans, Mr. Taylor, by his adoption of Episcopacy, stands as representative of a class of Christians, who have been dissatisfied with the meagre ritual and dangerous liberty of the Dissenting communions, and at once gratified their taste and confirmed their orthodoxy by returning to the liturgy and the government of the Episcopal church. Some of our Episcopal friends predict that all the more devout and elevated Congregationalists will, ere long, be of this class. Some few cases, that have occurred in the strong holds of Congregational freedom, warrant us in speaking of a reaction towards Episcopacy, although they are far from being sufficient to prove any general movement in that direction.

The class of minds, most likely to be charmed with Episcopacy in our community, are not those who are devoted to ecclesiastical studies, and eager to find in the Scriptures and

the Fathers the proofs of the divine origin of the three orders of clergy. They are disposed to look upon the Episcopal church with regard, because it seems so free from the agitation and coarseness of many other communions, and because its rites and liturgy have a beauty and solemnity, which contrast very strongly with the meagreness of congregational service, and with the undignified obtrusiveness of individual peculiarities of the sermons and prayers of some congregational preachers. Not a few, moreover, seem inclined to think that the revival of ecclesiastical ceremony will afford the best rebuke to that irreverential spirit, which is so prevalent at the present day, and promises to eradicate the sentiment of veneration from the minds of the rising generation. These latter persons err greatly in their estimate of human nature, if they expect that the revival of ancient forms will exorcise the rebellious spirit of the age.

"Let us make religion more imposing to the senses," the cry in some quarters is heard; "no wonder that the church is so slightly regarded by the world, since her worship is so shorn of its former glory; and instead of cathedrals, we have plain meeting-houses, — instead of an altar, a reading-desk, — instead of mitred bishops and white-robed priests, we have ministers, who preach and pray with no more stately costume and authoritative commission, than may be possessed by any brother of the communion." A considerable class of contemplative conservatives, in this country, use language akin to this. And there is much beauty in their thoughts and charm in their project. But for this country, it is the charm of fancy and the beauty of a dream. Ideas like these may be very congenial with the venerable halls, where the divines of Oxford commune with the spirits of the ancient, and enjoy the comforts of the modern church; or with the lakes, where ethereal minds, like Wordsworth, spend their days in the luxury of poetic devotion. But with the scenes and characters of our own country, such ideas can have very little affinity. Indeed, nothing could be easily devised more fatal to the popular diffusion of religion in this country, than the attempt to identify it with ancient forms, and to connect it with the stately ceremonials of other lands and ages. Could a cathedral be built in every considerable town, could every state-house be made a Saint Paul's, or York Minster, — could our national capitol be transformed into a Saint Peter's, and could the English or Roman service be performed

in all its pomp and solemnity, we very much doubt whether religion would gain anything in dignity or diffusion by the change; and are inclined to think that the genius of our people would be offended rather than propitiated by such ceremonials. No. The evils of an age must be cured by means adapted to its peculiar wants, and not borrowed from foreign ages and institutions. The age calls us onward, and its call is the call of God. Instead of going backward, we must advance; instead of retrograding, the age must flow on, if it would work itself free of its impediments. We must not trust to the revival of authoritative power, but must accept the principle of coöperation and fraternal love as the legitimate basis of religious, as well as civil society. Already we have many cheering indications of the competency of this principle to sustain the social fabric.

As for those who look to Episcopacy for uninterrupted quiet, we apprehend that they are to be much mistaken in their expectations. Already the notes of war are heard, and the serene communion of the Church has, in some cases, been sadly disturbed. Mr. Taylor's candid testimony, in the work before us, is a proof of the strife among the Episcopalians of England; and his tone is such as to leave us in some doubt, whether he is happy in having abandoned the way of his fathers. The controversy has extended to this country. Rival bishops are in the field, and antagonist journals say very ungentle things of each other. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, has issued a ponderous octavo against the Oxford heresies and usurpations. Bishop Onderdonk has recommended the Oxford Sermons for the perusal of the people in his diocese. "The Lord Bishop of New Jersey" is not only an admirer of the Oxford divines, but has gone so far in his adulation of English Episcopacy, as to scandalize his best friends. How those of Bishop Doane's former parishioners, who are children of the pilgrim fathers, have relished the Bishop's high compliment to the memory of the Pilgrims, let his own words, in his recent speech in England, before the Coventry Religious and Useful Knowledge Society, declare.

The controversies between the Gambier Observer and the New York Churchman show no remarkable sweetness of temper, nor harmony of faith. An article in the Churchman, on the "Romance of Gambier Theology," gave us sufficient proof, a few months since, that Christian quiet and Christian charity

mean something else than using the same liturgy and belonging to the same church. In a small way, the old schism between the East and West is renewed, and New York and Gambier may be the Rome and Constantinople of our new world.

We take leave of Mr. Taylor with respect for his power and thanks for his services. A spirit like his, in whatever denomination it may be found, is a blessing to the Christian world. We might speak of him in connexion with the state of things in our own immediate community, and urge the need of a kindred class of minds in our own ranks, — men who can be free and philosophical, without merging religion in mystic egotism or empty speculation, and who can respect the Scriptures and the church, without going back to the superstitions of ancient ages. But this topic is too broad, and we must not enter upon it now.

S. O.

ART. III.—*A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas.* By JOSEPH BULLAR, M. D., and HENRY BULLAR, of Lincoln's Inn. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1841.

THESE very lively and entertaining volumes are by two brothers, one of whom, a physician in large practice in Southampton, was forced to seek a change of climate for his health, and was accompanied by his younger brother, as a needful attendant. The task of describing these interesting islands could hardly have fallen into better hands. Intelligent, observing, full of life and spirits, and very good-natured, these gentlemen seem to have been possessed of the true spirit of travelling; whilst the observations on the climate and its fitness for invalids, coming from one who was at once an invalid and a physician, have of course peculiar value.

The great beauty of the Azores, and their attractions for those who, from any cause, seek a change of climate, are hardly appreciated. Though but a few degrees more south than we are, they yet enjoy a perpetual summer. Without the heat of the tropics, you have here most of the tropical fruits. The palm-tree, the pomegranate, the coffee-tree, the banana, the guava, are to be seen flourishing in the gardens, in the midst of

a profusion and luxuriance of flowers, which, probably, the world cannot equal. It is a perfect greenhouse climate. No scorching heat in summer; no nipping frosts in winter. The plants flourish and "enjoy the air they breathe," the year round. The consequence is, that they attain a prodigious growth. Common greenhouse plants, carried from this country, grow quite out of the acquaintance of their old friends. Verbenas become trees, with trunks as large as a man's arm. Camelias grow into huge masses of foliage, twenty feet high, and nearly as much across; whilst June roses, deceived by the climate, come out in January, and then hasten to repair their mistake in May. Abroad in the fields, there is no pause in the operations of the husbandman. Crop succeeds crop, and often successive crops are growing together. At all seasons, the fields are vocal with birds. The quail whistles all winter long; and on the sheltered side of a hill, in some windy day, the chatter of canary birds, their thousand mingled notes, is absolutely deafening. If one wishes a change of scene, a walk of a few hours will carry him into a mountain atmosphere, sweet with the breath of the wild thyme, and lonely as the desert. Here there is no sound of bird or beast. There is no vegetation, but a low heath and moss, which grow by the way-side, and occasionally in a ravine wild myrtles and other low-growing shrubs. On all sides, the most unscientific eye can see plainly the volcanic formation of the island. From the top, as from an apex, stretch down the huge layers of lava, black and barren; and between lie the valleys, which, widening as you descend, give space below for fertile fields and populous villages. This description, to be sure, applies more particularly to the island of Fayal, though in the main features it is true of the whole group. That island is so exactly of the conical form, that in a walk of four miles around the now exhausted crater, at the top, you may distinctly see the whole circumference of the island, as from the nave of a wheel. Village after village, miles apart, succeed each other as you go on, and it is remarkable how small a margin is under cultivation. It is not possible to conceive of a more beautiful walk than this round the Caldeira of Fayal, — the black, ragged strata of the lava immediately beneath you, — in the distance, cultivated fields and villages, and beyond, the far blue sea; and, stretched over all, the ever-varying ocean sky.

But enough has been said, it may be hoped, to interest our readers in the volumes before us, from which we proceed to

make such extracts as may give an idea of such of the islands as were visited by our travellers ; their scenery, manners and customs, curiosities and climate.

Of the nine islands, which compose the group of the Azores, these gentlemen visited six, namely ; St. Michael's, Fayal, Pico, St. George's, Corvo, and Flores. Of Terceira, the seat of government, though in many respects well worth visiting, they saw nothing. Few scenes can surpass in beauty the Bay of Angra, the capital of Terceira. The moss-grown fort just at the entrance, the white houses of the city, with a back-ground of mountains, the summits of several of them crowned with ruins, the dark rocks close by blackened by the unceasing beating of the sea against them, altogether form one of those pictures which are seen never to be forgotten.

The Messrs. Bullar arrived at St. Michael's, the largest of the islands, on the 5th December, 1838. They thus describe the coast as they approached it :

"We had left the tame scenery of the South of England, with its 'pale and white-faced shores,' only three weeks ago, when this morning a wall of lofty mountains, rising abruptly from the ocean, seamed with ravines, glens, and gullies, variegated with bright lights and the shadows of heavy clouds brooding on their tops, enlivened by scattered white houses, by 'a silent waterfall,' tumbling into the sea from a ledge of rocks, and mingling its small white thread with the surf that rolled on the shore, impressed us with an idea of grandeur far above any we had formed of the Island of St. Michael's."

They came to anchor opposite the town of Ponte Delgada, the principal place on the island, containing, as they were informed, about twenty thousand inhabitants. From their description of its appearance, it would seem to be much inferior in beauty of situation either to Angra or to Horta, the capital of Fayal.

"It is built," they say, "close to the sea, in a formal white line, and is backed by numberless small conical hills of bright green, which are scattered behind it with no more regularity than a heap of green molehills on a common. The stiff white houses of the town are edged with black, and, when seen from the roadstead, somewhat resemble long rows of buildings modelled from mourning cards ; here and there a slender oblong church-tower, variegated black and white, rises above the dwelling houses. New orange gardens enclosed within broad white

lines of walls, and laid out as formally as fortifications, are seen in one direction; in another, the older plantations clothe the hills with a deep myrtle green, while the western point of the roadstead, and the coast bordering the town, bristle with black rocks."

The next thing was to land, which our readers must not, however, suppose to be any such easy, every-day operation in those ocean islands, as they may have been accustomed to at home. Especially here, at St. Michael's, where there is no bay, the coast is exposed to the full power of the waves, and often it is quite impossible to get on shore at all. But we will let our authors describe their own landing. Suppose them in a boat, manned, as they relate, with nine jabbering boatmen, who were all talking and hallooing at once. The steps which they aim at are within a small basin, and the entrance to this basin at the side. Not far from them the waves are breaking on the rocks with tremendous roar, and the men all screaming at the top of their voices to be heard above it.

"A heavy wave, which had followed us for some distance, and finally broke astern, sweeping clean over our stern sheets, and swilling the bottom of the boat, was a signal to our men to turn her head to the waves, and wait for smoother water, — their long oars being lightly dipped to keep her in proper trim. Every seventh wave, as is well known to those who have landed through surf, is said to be the critical one, after which the water becomes smoother. This our boatmen obviously disregarded, and trusted rather to their well-practised eyes than to a rule of uncertain application. Having waited a due time, our coxswain gave his orders, and we turned about to make a pounce for the entrance. Another sweeping wave came after us, and bore us along like a swing; the men lay on their oars, and as the backwater sucked the boat backwards, pulled with all their vigor; another wave followed; again they lay still, till the backwater returning, a cheer from the steersman urged them to a final effort; with all their heart and strength they once more struggled against and slowly overcame the force of the recoiling sea, and round we came into the basin in gallant style. The thunder of the enormous waves that rolled over us on the rocks, — the roar of breakers behind, — the gurgling of the backwater, — the bubbling of the sea, — the hissing of the froth, — the vociferous cheers of the steersman, stamping out his orders to his men, — the breathless hurry of the boat's crew, pulling for their lives, — their struggle for victory over the power of the

mighty waters, and their exhilarating triumph of success as we turned from the noisy crash outside to the muffled stillness within the basin, was a delicious piece of excitement, such as seemed at the time worth undergoing all the petty annoyances of a stormy passage, for the sake of once enjoying."

Almost the first experience of our travellers, after landing, was a ball, at which they were introduced on the evening of the 7th, by the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Hickling, whose hospitality has become almost world-renowned. A description of this ball may not be uninteresting to such of our readers as may think of visiting the Azores, and as giving a lively picture of the manner of living and the appearance of the Azoreans, we extract it.

"We went at seven, and found the rooms quite full; dancing had commenced. The house, which was one of the largest in the place, resembled externally the hotels in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was built on two sides of a quadrangular courtyard, one end of which was occupied by stables, and the other by a high wall and gateway. In the hall a heap of barefooted servants and link boys, mixed up with liveried men, women, lanterns, and jack-booted postilions, sat and lounged and laughed.

"Two servants waited at the door, and with tapers in their hands ushered each visitor to the gallery outside the ball-room. The suite of rooms was spacious, and the furniture Parisian. So far as the dress and dancing went, I might have fancied myself in an English or French ball-room, and was a little disappointed to see no peculiarity of national costume; and instead of fandangos or boleros, or Spanish or Moorish dances of any kind, to find about forty couples figuring away at the first set of quadrilles, and finishing with a promenade, just as they would have done on English ground!"

Of the ladies we read: "Some would have made pictures, their hair black, glossy, and luxuriant; their eyes full, dark, and 'unfathomable.' They had fine teeth, which their full lips easily disclosed, and were generally of middle height, well proportioned, and rather tending to embonpoint. One custom differed from ours, and showed much kindness of feeling. A group of women servants, with their heads covered with white kerchiefs, were lying upon a part of the staircase, from which they could look at the dancers over the heads of those who stood at the door, and thus they shared in the pleasures of the family."

The next day, December 8, is mentioned as a "pleasant June day, with a mild breeze from the S. W., and a cloudy but not a thick sky." Our travellers were of course much struck by the aspect of the streets, as so different from anything seen in England. "The medley is of all sorts and conditions; priests in scanty black petticoats, with pea-green umbrellas and three-cornered hats; scarlet-capped boatmen, ragged beggars, clamorous fruit-sellers, and noisy water-carriers; a shabby carriage, coëval with the islands, a showy horse and showy rider, with moustachios and brass spurs; English captains in new-tailed coats; a British tar buying oranges and stumbling over hogs,—hogs in great force, larger, longer-legged, and more wiry-haired beasts than with us; asses in abundance, carrying men, and women, and children, and every other kind of burden,—hogs-heads, deal planks, boxes, panniers filled with stone, manure, and vegetables; countrymen with their horned caps; non-descripts in bad hats and boots, and large cloth cloaks fitted for a cold climate; women in dark blue cloaks, with hoods entirely concealing the face, slowly, stiffly, and sedately moving along,—*'des manteaux qui marchent.'* Now and then, though rarely, the modern innovation of a lady, shawled and bonneted and parasoled, like our own countrywomen, arm-in-arm with her husband."

All visitors to these islands are struck by the politeness of the people to each other, as well as to those who may be considered above them in rank. No two men ever meet without taking off their hats, and usually accompanied with a salutation. In their conversation, they never fail to call each other "Senhor," which is sufficiently ridiculous when addressed by one ragged ass-driver to another. But the most ludicrous instance of it is one mentioned by the Messrs. Bullar, in their first volume, accompanied by a cut, in which the occupants of a gaol are seen taking off their caps to the passers-by, and saluted by them with as much ceremony as the freest in the land. "Imprisonment seems to be neither a disgrace nor a humiliation to them. There is no diminution in the every-day round of salutations; but the 'hat-worship' (as George Fox called it) is observed with unaltered gravity, and the world is quite as much their friend now, and as full of smooth pretence, as when they lived on the honest side of the grate."

One more extract, descriptive of the streets of Ponte Delgada, (which may be taken as a description of a street in any of the cities of the other islands,) and we will be off with our

travellers into the country, whither the reader may by this time be as anxious to escape as they were.

“The basement of the houses is used for shops, storehouses, or stables. The shops are lighted from the door, and have no windows. There is, consequently, none of the gay variety of shop-fronts seen in England, but open doors display counters and shelves of wares inside. The signs for the different trades are hung out of these door-ways. At one door, for instance, you see a dozen strips of printed cottons tied to a small stick, and fluttering like the ribbons on a recruiting sergeant's hat. This tells you, that a linen draper stands ready inside with tape and cottons. Farther on, a small bundle of faggots, a bunch of onions, a few roots of garlick, and two or three candles dangle from another stick, and denote a grocer. A shoemaker's sign is a bunch of leather shreds; and a hatter's is a painted hat. A butcher ties up a bundle of empty sausage skins, or a rude drawing of an ox having his horn sawed off, the saw as large as the man who uses it. Over a milkman's door hangs a crooked red cow, such as may be seen in alleys in London. A green bough of faya, which resembles a branch of arbutus, indicates a wine shop, and by the addition of a sprig of box, you learn that spirits are sold there. Such was the custom in England, when the proverb was made that ‘good wine requires no bush.’ In other shops, you see a small board suspended from a like stick, with Portuguese words, signifying ‘good wine and spirits,’ coarsely painted on it. The names of the shopkeepers are not over the doors, as with us.”

The town of Ponte Delgada is surrounded by orange gardens, which do not, however, add much charm to the country. One may ride for hours, without any other view than of the high walls, which are built up to protect the trees from the wind. In these volumes we find various particulars concerning the management of the trees and the picking of the fruit, of which the following are the most important. The gardens are not only surrounded by the high walls just mentioned, but the trees are further protected by plantations of the Faya, (a tree very common in these islands, and from which Fayal takes its name,) and other evergreens. The trees themselves, when full grown, are magnificent. The “shape is like that of a shrub springing from the ground with many stems, or with one short stem immediately dividing, and of a clean gray tint.” We have known one orange tree to occupy a space of at least forty feet square. The greatest yield of one tree is about twenty-five

thousand oranges. They are propagated by layers, which usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The trees continue to bear fruit till they are a hundred years old, and the fruit of the oldest trees is the most prized. Such fruit has a thin skin, and is free from seeds. The process of raising from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the slow growth of the trees so raised.

The beauty of an orange tree is in the time of its blossoming, which, in these islands, is from March to May. Then it is indeed superb, with the rich green of its leaves contrasting with the golden fruit and the white flowers. At that season the air is everywhere perfumed with their fragrance.

After remaining a few days at Ponte Delgada, our travellers proceeded farther along the coast to the town of Villa Franca, about fifteen miles, in order that they might be nearer to the famous hot springs of the valley of the Furnas, the great attraction of the island. The journey was made on asses, and occupied about four hours and a half. The scenery on this side is described as very beautiful.

"Sometimes we passed deep glens running down to the sea, whose rocky sides were covered with evergreens, and relieved by the light green leaves of majestic ferns hanging over them, as light and feathery as if placed there in purposed contrast. They were in full beauty, and the moist warmth of the climate encourages their luxuriant growth.

"Now and then figures in perfect harmony with the scenery, enlivened it, — women lightly clothed in white linen, with a water-jar of red pottery on their heads, or peasants riding sideways on asses, or these same animals loaded with branches of wood. Occasionally we passed close to the coast, and looked down on black rocks of the most fantastic shapes, over which the waves were tumbling and roaring, shedding on them their whitest spray. There was no difficulty in imagining that these rocks had once been a fluid, which ran boiling into the sea and was suddenly cooled. The black sands are those same rocks broken small by the sea; and as we passed on, the Atlantic was spreading over them vast carpets of white foam."

From Villa Franca it is about twelve miles, (four hours' ride,) to the valley of the Furnas, for which our travellers set out on the 29th December. "The road for the first two hours wound amongst fields and villages, not far from the coast; we then

began to ascend steep mountain roads, and to cross or wind round ravines of great extent, depth, and beauty, running down to the sea." They afterwards passed through several crater valleys, of which we extract the description.

"These crater valleys differ from common valleys. They are empty-looking, forsaken places, with none of the cheerful furniture of vales, — are generally quite circular, and the surrounding mountains appear to rise out of their flat floors with an unpleasant abruptness. The valley walls of some of them have no apparent opening or inlet, and the appearance of dull seclusion which thus possesses them, almost produces melancholy; but more frequently a piece is broken out of the edge of the basin, the effect of which is to deprive the place of some of its quiet formality. Through such an opening as this our road lay, and by it a noiseless stream ran, partly supplying the lake, — a grey, sullen piece of water, — which nearly filled another solitary, homeless valley, round which the road wound."

Through several such valleys as this they came to the valley of the Furnas, which is about twelve miles in circumference, and surrounded on all sides, as are all these crater villages, by mountains. The next day they visited the hot springs, and as these are the great curiosity of the island, and indeed of the Azores, we shall make no apology for giving the description of them entire.

"As you approach the springs, you see clouds of vapor, in three or four places, rising like peat smoke to a height of twenty or thirty feet, according as the day is warmer or colder, and sometimes stretching away even to the edge of the mountains. At the end of the lane the ground becomes white, and the bank on one side is streaked with yellow and red, is warm to the touch, and smells strongly of sulphur. The spot where the springs flow is a very irregular hill, and the soil, which in some places is loose, and in others of the consistency of pipe-clay, is broken into all kinds of shapes; and where there is no vegetation, is colored glaring white and yellow. The principal caldeira is a sulphurous one. The water comes hissing and boiling out of the ground into a basin about ten feet across, from which it flows through small channels of stone to supply the baths. It bubbles up through a loose bottom of broken rock; and the column of water in the centre, like the small Icelandic Geysers described by Dr. Henderson, is usually three feet high, gradually lessening towards its edges until it merely ripples and undulates on the margin of the basin. Suppose a conglomeration of half

a dozen London New River Company fire plugs, spouting up their water into a large, shallow basin, well furred with white stony matter; and then suppose this huge basin set on some enormous hidden fire, and made to boil at a rapid rate, and you will have as good an idea as I can convey to you of the principal caldeira in this valley. But you will still want the concomitants that give something like sublimity to the boiling caldron of the Furnas. You must possess yourself with a feeling of insecurity, — you must imagine that it is just possible that the crust on which you stand may give way, and divulge the hidden force below; for the ground trembles, and a pumping sound, like that of a powerful engine at a distance far below you, is going on with great regularity of movement, impressing you with the conviction that the ebullition on the surface of the ground is only the result of this pumping, and that the power at work beneath your feet would, if it were not for the vents you see about you, blow up the whole surface on which you stand. So great, indeed, formerly, was the fear of the islanders in general, that at one time none but the natives of the valley came to this place; and it was not until the intelligence and enterprise of the father of the present Vice-Consul of the United States had brought him to the spot, and had thereby gradually weakened the prejudices which the citizens entertained against it, that his example was followed, until at length the Furnas became what it now is, the Baden-Baden of the Island of St. Michael. At a little distance from the principal caldeira is a deep, smoking, circular pit, in the bottom of which you see water boiling furiously; not, as in the other, running over in any quantity, but continually spouting up, and falling back, to be reboiled. This has been but twelve months in visible operation. One day, a long explosion was heard, and on coming to examine what damage had been done, the villagers found this new caldron; its cover had been violently blown off by the pent-up steam.

“Clambering a little further, we came to the entrance of what looked like a deep and dark cave, and from the bottom of this is thrown up and down, without ceasing, boiling mud, of the consistency and color of the creamy scrapings of Piccadilly. The ground is hot; every here and there boiling water and hissing steam ooze up through holes in the clay, like those made by worms on muddy English shores, and you stand in warm vapor, tainted with sulphureted hydrogen gas. There are several little pots always hot, in various places near you. Most of these swallow back their water, or suffer very small quantities to flow over the surface. The iron springs squirt the boiling water through the interstices of rough volcanic stones, covering

them with a thick coating of bright orange rust; and the sulphur springs pump a milky fluid backwards and forwards, in cups which they have worn in the clayey bed about them, while the others do the same with a thick liquid mud. The sulphur baths are supplied by the larger pond, or caldeira; but, as the water is boiling hot, it is necessary to cool it. For this purpose a branch from the open stone channel, through which the hot water flows from the caldeira to the bath, conducts it to a reservoir, where it is cooled; and another channel from the cooler joins the first near the bath, where both meet and form one; so that, by partially stopping with a stone or a piece of heath the hot or cold stream, the proper heat is as readily obtained as by complicated machinery. This temperate stream runs through the bathing house to the bath, which is filled by blocking up the channel with a wooden slide, and allowing the water to flow through a gap in its side. During the whole time you are bathing, a rapid stream may thus constantly flow in, so as incessantly to renew the bath; a wealth of water which will be found very luxurious. After looking at the caldeiras, we took our bath, and it certainly was never my good fortune before to bathe in an *invigorating* warm bath. It produced a feeling of strength instead of lassitude, and the skin seemed not alone to have been cleansed and rendered most agreeably smooth, but to have been actually renewed. While bathing, our man cooked eggs for us in one of the small boiling springs, and we afterwards went to the iron-spring for a draught. This flows from a stone spout into a hollow stone basin, and then trickles down a bank into a stream below; it has a strong but not disagreeable iron flavor, effervesces slightly, and is extremely grateful and refreshing. The bath and the spring seemed the two things best suited to the outside and inside of man, on first rising from his bed; natural luxuries when in health, natural remedies when sick;—luxuries without after pain, remedies without misery in taking them;—both which would seem to be inseparable from the luxuries and the remedies of our own invention. Most invalids feel that before breakfast existence is burdensome; but this bath and draught of liquid iron were as a breakfast in producing serenity and happiness, and were more than a breakfast in giving warmth and briskness, and a feeling of health, as of the flowing of younger blood through the veins; and instead of destroying the power of making another, they rather increased it many-fold."

Besides these of the Furnas, there are several other hot springs in the Island of St. Michael's. The most remarkable

of these, and the only other used for bathing, are those near Ribeira Grande, about a day's journey from the Furnas, and near the northern coast of the island. These springs also are situated in the exhausted crater of a volcano. The accommodations for bathing are much inferior to those at the Furnas; the waters not unlike. A very amusing account is given of the process of bathing, and of the old man who attends the baths, which, however, we must omit, with many other things we had marked for extraction.

Our travellers, not finding the valley of the Furnas a suitable place for a winter residence, from its elevated situation, soon returned to Villa Franca, where they established themselves for the winter. The water was brought from the hot springs for a daily bath, and though the time required for bringing it was four hours, it reached Villa Franca at a temperature of 100° to 110° Fah., so that they were often obliged to wait for it to cool. The expense for a man and ass to go and come with the water, up and down steep mountains, was about eighteen pence each bath.

The cheapness of everything in these islands is indeed very noticeable. The following is an account of the experience of the Messrs. Bullar in their housekeeping, at Villa Franca.

"Poultry is very abundant; fowls one shilling (the pair,) chickens sixpence, ducks one shilling and sixpence. Bread is twopence a loaf, weighing about a pound; beef and mutton threepence a pound. Eggs, three and four a penny. Milk, twopence a pint. Butter, one shilling a pound. Servants' wages are very low, so are porters', messengers', and any services requiring the mere human strength of arms and legs. We hire a woman-servant to officiate as cook, bed-maker, &c., for four shillings a week. The hire of a man-servant in the house, (who will live upon Indian corn bread,) is eight shillings a month. Fire wood is cheap."

But even this is dear to the living on some of the other islands. On the island of Terceira, the expense of ten days' housekeeping for two persons and a servant, fell short of three dollars; and for this they had the most luxurious living, poultry, eggs, delicious bread and butter, and fruit. The price of a well-grown pair of chickens was but twelve-and-a-half cents, and eggs were three and four cents a dozen. We were credibly informed that persons live there in good style, with town-

house and country-house, servants, and jack-asses, and "all appliances," at the rate of one hundred dollars a year.

There are no inns in these islands, with the exception of two, one in Ponte Delgada, the other in Horta in Fayal; of which the last at least cannot be spoken of in terms of much commendation. The custom is for travellers to borrow a house, where, with some help from the neighbors, and their own resources, they make themselves as comfortable as they can. In illustration of this custom, we extract the following.

"The American Vice-Consul's hospitality is so well known, that visitors, who have need of a resting-place, make use of his house here, in which we are living. It has even sometimes happened that its kind-hearted owner, on coming to it, has found it so full as to be obliged to go elsewhere. Beds are readily hired, and at night are spread on the floor in the rooms, accommodating a large party in a small space. These details may seem petty; but nothing is less trivial, in travellers' stories, than facts illustrating states of society and manners different from their own. England is so covered with inns, that one kind of private hospitality is almost superseded. No one thinks of accommodating a person in his house who is not a friend; he gives him a dinner, but to have his house 'made an inn,' is a proverbial expression for what is considered a disagreeable infliction. It cannot be otherwise, in a country overfilled with people, to whom activity in one form or another seems essential to existence. Some centuries back, Englishmen were as stationary as the Azoreans. We are now richer, and more locomotive; whether happier for the change, is doubtful, except, indeed, to those happily constituted people who never doubt. We are occupying this house, probably, to the inconvenience of many. One man, yesterday, walked in, hung up his coat, and deposited his baggage, with all the quietness of ownership; but we saw no more of him till the next morning, when he removed his goods. The rooms are pleasant, facing the south, and overlooking the ocean, and the waves roll in below among the rocks."

The pleasantest mode of visiting the Azores would undoubtedly be in a yacht, or small vessel, provided with the conveniences for such desultory house-keeping. The true time for the visit is the midsummer. Then the climate is perfect; the thermometer seldom reaching 80° of Fah. and the heat never oppressive. A voyage amongst these islands, in pleasant company, landing at the interesting points, and enjoying

the scenery, and the delicious fruits, could hardly fail to restore the health. The passage might be made from Boston or New York in ten to fourteen days, and somewhat more home. The baths of the Furnas alone would be worth it. On many diseases they are said to have the most wonderful effects, especially in all rheumatic complaints. Whether they will make the old young, and other such wonders which have been ascribed to them, is more doubtful.

From St. Michael's, the Messrs. Bullar went, on the 15th of April, to Fayal, where they arrived on the third day, though with a fair wind the voyage can easily be accomplished in twenty-four hours. One of the chief objections to visiting these islands, indeed, is the difficulty of passing from one to the other. Unless by some fortunate accident of an American whale ship, or a chance English schooner, the passage must be made in Portuguese vessels, filthy, ill navigated, and hardly seaworthy. They are such mere tubs, and in such bad condition, that they can hardly make any way with a head wind, and have been known to be months getting from one island to another. Our travellers, however, encountered all the evils of the passage with their usual equanimity and good nature, and in the afternoon of the 18th cast anchor in the bay of Horta. This is the chief city of Fayal, containing from 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. The whole population of the island is about 25,000. As no census has for a long time been taken, these numbers are only approximations. The beauty of the bay cannot fail to strike every visitor. It is about two miles across and half a mile deep; the extremities being high and very picturesque hills. The city itself is built upon the side of a hill. We extract the description.

“The town of Horta is built close to the shore. A long broad line of chimneyless houses, among which churches, convents, and public buildings are conspicuous, extends the whole breadth of the bay. Beyond this line, the houses which form the outskirts of the city are built amongst orange gardens and evergreens; beyond is the flat conical mountain into which the island rises, which, when we landed, was slightly shadowed by a canopy of clouds, and colored bright by the warm afternoon sun, while in front of the city the water of the bay, which in the afternoon sun was so tender a blue that it almost seemed to have a bloom upon it, rolls up on a sweeping beach of dark grey sand, divided towards the centre by a port and landing steps, which project from the shore on a ridge of lava.”

Add to this the peak of Pico on the other side, only five miles distant, rising to a height of 9,000 feet, directly from the sea, and one may have some idea of the beauty of the scene.

One of the great charms of these islands, and one which to be appreciated must be witnessed, is the surf. At all times it is a beautiful object, rolling in lazily on the beach, grinding the sands as it recedes. But when it is at all high, as it always is whenever there is wind, its grandeur is quite beyond description. It frequently breaks twenty feet high upon the beach, with a roar absolutely deafening. Imagine an expanded cataract, perhaps a mile long, curling over as far as the eye can reach, and exhibiting a thousand varying hues in the sunshine, whilst the wind, if it has changed, as is commonly the case, blows from it a crest of white spray. As the vast waves come swelling up, you involuntarily start back. It seems as if they must overwhelm you.

The streets of Horta our travellers found essentially the same with those of the other cities they had visited. In the cottages they observed an air of more comfort than in those at St. Michael's. This is owing in a great measure to the visits of our whaling ships, who resort in great numbers yearly to Fayal, for the purchase of vegetables, and have thus contributed very perceptibly to the prosperity of its inhabitants.

The most conspicuous building in Horta, and one of considerable architectural merit, is the College of the Jesuits. The Jesuits themselves were expelled from the islands many years ago, but the founding of a *College* in this remote island, remains a striking monument of the magnificence of their undertakings, and the spirit which animated all their designs.

The Church connected with this College is very spacious, and it being Whitsunday, they found it filled with people. On this occasion, as often elsewhere, our travellers are led to remark upon the devotion of Catholics, and their apparent absorption in what is going on.

"Why," they ask, "is it that Protestants at devotion are so susceptible of interruption, while Papists are solemn and abstracted? Why does a Roman Catholic girl, telling her beads in her church, seem wrapt in devoutness, while a falling prayer book or a late comer-in disturbs the prayers of a Protestant? Is the Papist more earnest, or is he more mechanical in his worship?"

There are, it is true, exceptions to this rule. We have seen young persons at mass looking about them as unconcernedly as any Protestant; and Priests going through their prayers with their eyes all the time very industriously employed in scanning the strangers who stood beside them. But in the rule and especially with the common people, the fact is as above stated. The reason it is not so easy to give. No doubt there is usually a deeply devotional feeling. But such a feeling does not seem to be necessarily connected with a good life. Certainly not in these islands. It is to be feared that their religion exerts but very little influence upon their lives. The state of morals amongst them is probably as low as in any part of the world. They are, indeed, good humored and civil to each other. Dark crimes are very rare. But as to honesty, truth, chastity, very little is to be said in their favor. They seem, in short, to have no moral principle whatever.

And how can it be otherwise? They have no instruction. Their religion is a mere round of ceremonies. It occupies their whole lives; everything indeed is in some way connected with it, but then there is nothing in it to strengthen the soul, nothing to form the character. The Scriptures are almost unknown to them. Our authors tell us that they never saw a copy in the islands. We heard of but one, and that was given by an American lady to her servants, who listened to it, as read aloud by one of their number, with an enthusiasm amounting to ecstasy. The Priests, who should exert an influence upon them, are themselves far from immaculate. There are, of course, exceptions. One is mentioned in this work, as we shall presently have occasion to quote. The head of the Church in the island of Fayal is a man of singular purity of character and holiness of life; but in general the clergy of these islands are ignorant and licentious; their office is a mere business, which they put on and off with the dress. It is not at all uncommon for them to have families, and sometimes two or three, with which they live openly! and we have been credibly informed that more than one of them has been known to avow his utter skepticism and infidelity. What can be expected of the people when such are the priests?

The only preaching is at Lent, or on some great local festival. We were present once at an occasion of this last kind. It was the festival of a saint whose image had once been carried out to stop the eruption of a neighboring volcano, and the

eruption had ceased as soon as the procession gained the top of an eminence which commanded a view of it. The speaker described the scene, the state of alarm which preceded the miracle, the danger, all with great animation. The people, — and the church was crowded — listened with intense eagerness. When he came to the account of the miracle he paused, and pointing to the image, which was now uncovered, apostrophised it with deep emotion; and it was easy to see the response throughout the crowd. To such preaching, whenever they can have it, the people throng. How would they listen to a real voice! How strongly is it always seen, the attraction of man for man! What life might be breathed into these dead forms!

A large part of the time in these islands is taken up in some way with religious festivals. We are told in these volumes that there are no less than one hundred and twelve holy days, including Sundays, and apart from these there are various other observances, so that with them everything turns on their, so called, religion. It is said, however, that the interest of the people in the various ceremonies of the church, such as the hanging of Judas, the pelting with sugar plums, and sprinkling of holy water, is fast decreasing. What does this portend? Does it not show that even in the most unenlightened Catholic countries, they are outgrowing these things? That they are beginning to crave other food? We believe that the day is fast passing by when men will be satisfied with such emptiness as is the ceremonial of the Catholic Church, and in proof of it, is not that Church everywhere beginning to *preach*? Beginning to have a soul? and so to speak to the souls of men?

The mode of observing Sunday of course attracted the attention of Englishmen, as so much differing from what they had been accustomed to. We extract a paragraph on the subject.

“There is a certain observance of Sunday here, as in most places. The country people think they are not breaking it by bringing to town various articles for sale, provided they attend mass regularly. Several asses laden with bundles of hay for the tanners, stood to-day at the doors of the wine shops, and after mass some men were selling a few rough country-made wrought-iron hoes in front of the church. Perhaps there are few occasions on which we are more inclined to ‘damn the sins we are not inclined to,’ than in judging our neighbors’ mode of keeping holy the Sabbath day.”

And yet who that has been in these countries, where it is made almost, or altogether, a day of amusement, but must be grateful to heaven that his lot is cast in a land where the Sabbath is kept holy? In the case of these islands, for instance, it is pleasant enough to see the people from the country thronging into the towns on some bright Sunday morning, neatly dressed, full of life and animation, nor should we be disposed to find fault with their using the opportunity to bring to market their butter and eggs. But how is it in the afternoon in those same streets? Instead of the happy voices of the morning, quarreling and curses, women in tears, and men drunken, the effects of the merry-making with which the day is closed. Let any one go into the more populous streets of Horta on a Sunday afternoon, where the wine shops are, and we cannot doubt that the most zealous advocate for observing the Sabbath as a day of amusement, would think of the quiet streets of one of our own cities with thanksgiving. It is not everywhere thus, it is true. In some of the cities of Continental Europe, especially in Protestant Germany, the use of Sunday afternoon as a time of innocent amusement is certainly pleasing even to those who have been accustomed to different views. But as long as we can see our streets thronged on Sunday evenings with the goers to church, and families assembling quietly to end in pleasant intercourse a day passed in virtuous improvement, we need not regret that our places of amusement are shut, and balls and parties as yet prohibited.

Our travellers were not long in Fayal before they were attracted to Pico, which island is the chief object in sight in Horta, and always beautiful. Pico is in fact a long island, its length being estimated at thirty-five miles. But seen from Fayal it presents only the appearance of a crested mountain, rising nine thousand feet from the sea. The diameter of this cone is about eight miles. One of the gentlemen ascended the mountain, which is no small undertaking. The view was of course fine, and sufficiently so to repay him for his toil. But we will not detain our readers with a description of it. More interesting is the account of the vineyards.

“To a stranger’s eye it appears almost as miraculous a phenomenon that green vines and fresh grapes should be produced from the barren stones of this mountain, as that pure water should have gushed out of a rock. Wherever you cast your eye hardly any other objects than stones meet it. No vegetable

soil is there in the vineyards. If Pico had been the original heap of cinders that must have accumulated round Vulcan's furnace, it could scarcely be more bleak and barren than are the stones and scorix in which the vines are planted. Imagine the soil or refuse of a stone quarry spread over the foot of the mountain, and divided into square compartments by walls of from two to three feet in height, composed of the same rough materials, and then fancy a single dry vine, just sprouting with fresh early shoots, planted in the centre of each division, and the whole vineyard of twenty or thirty acres, surrounded by a high wall of closely piled stones, and an idea may be had of what a Pico vineyard in the month of May really is."

The great curiosity of Fayal, however, is the Caldeira, or exhausted crater of a volcano, at the top of the island. It is about four hours' walk from the coast. The way lies first through a richly cultivated valley, and then over the delicious heath-covered hills we have above described.

"Passing one ridge after another," say our travellers, "at length, without a moment's warning, we stopped suddenly on the precipitous edge of a crater. We saw beneath our feet an enormous valley deeply sunk in the earth, the huge fissures, with which its almost perpendicular sides were cleft, being in deep shade, and the projecting ridges in bright light. At the bottom was a gloomy lake, over which one white sea-gull floated, — the only living thing in that solitary place."

The descent to the bottom of this crater, which our travellers did not make, occupies about half an hour. It is said to be nearly four miles across, a small part of it only being taken up by the lake. Once down it is perfect solitude. The stillness is unbroken. On the top of this ocean island, shut out from all mankind, you feel indeed alone.

We had marked for extraction the account of a visit to a convent of nuns in Fayal. But we must rather hasten with our travellers to the other islands. Of the convents it is sufficient to say, that they were all suppressed, both here and in Portugal, by Don Pedro, when he came hither to prepare for the struggle with his usurping brother. There is no doubt that the motive for this measure was simply to get possession of their revenues, but if we may trust the accounts of the inhabitants, it was hardly called for on any consideration. The accounts of the licentiousness of the nuns almost exceed belief.

On the 22d of April the Messrs. B. left Fayal for Corvo and Flores, which islands they reached the following day. The former of these islands is little more than a barren rock, rising abruptly from the ocean. It is about twenty miles round, and the one village on the south side. The inhabitants are described as "a happy, contented, and industrious people, in good condition, strong, and well looking. They are one large family of nine hundred, with a priest for their father." After what we have said of the priests in these islands, we feel bound to give the description of this father of his flock.

"We passed on to the house of the chief person on the island, — the priest of Corvo, — the Reverendissimo Senhor João Ignacio Lopes, Meritissimo Vigariona Ilha do Corvo, &c. (as a friend had written in one of his books,) — a man whose plain, honest, wedgewood clay is perhaps more happily tempered than most elaborate specimens of porcelain. His house stands just outside the village, and we found him in the yard before it. He welcomed us as if we had been old friends, although we brought no letter to him, having heard that it was entirely unnecessary, — shook us heartily by the hand, and begged us to walk into his house, which he said was open to us. All this was done in right sincerity too. The very moment we entered the room, without waiting for us to unpack our own basket of provisions, or to ask or say anything more than that we would be seated, he took a chair in his hand, mounted it, and from a wooden tray which swung aloft, beyond the reach of mouse or rat, he handed down first one loaf, then another of a holyday quality; then a cheese, and then another, begging us to eat.

'And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
Brought from his cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
Like one who would be merry.'

"There were barrels on the floor, and wine-bottles in his cupboard. Wine-glasses he had not, but he filled some goodly tumblers with wine, and pouring the rest into a white jug, drank it off by way of example. He was a bulky man, of about seventy, six feet in height, and somewhat bowed with years. His head was bald, having a few white locks at the sides, his eyes were moist and dim, his features massive and expressive of quiet contentment; and every one we met with spoke well of the good old man. The boatmen called him 'the father of the island,' and looked up to him with respect when he spoke to them. The villagers, who came into his room,

seemed to regard him as the patriarch of the place; they bowed low, and kissed his hand, which he held out for the purpose."

One more extract respecting these poor Corvoites we must make, even at the risk of having to leave out more important things.

"We had heard a good deal of the extreme poverty of Corvo, — and if poverty means the want of shoes, and mirrors, and oranges, and cane-bottomed chairs, certainly the people can boast of none of these. Their dingy clothes, too, which are principally homespun, give them rather an unwealthy appearance. But they are poor only in the sense that the other islanders are poor, — in wanting European luxuries. 'The man,' says Cobbett, 'who by his own and his family's labor can provide a sufficiency of food and raiment, and a comfortable dwelling-place, is not a poor man.' They are a hard-working people, thrown very much on their own resources; rear pigs, poultry, cows, sheep; grow maize, wheat, potatoes, and flax; weave their own garments, cure their own bacon; and, as we do in England, import their wine. Grapes, in the middle of summer, and abundance of melons, are their luxury. Shoes they wisely eschew; no shoemaker lives at Corvo, and the priest is the only human being there who submits to such trammels, and his antique buckled shoes, were, of course, an importation. American whalers occasionally touch at Corvo for provisions, and, as is usual with ships from England and America, they in no way improve the morality of the people."

The island of Flores is much larger, being nearly thirty miles in length and nine in breadth. It is probably the most beautiful of the islands, being supposed to derive its name from the flowery shrubs in which it abounds. The following extract may serve to give some idea of its scenery.

"The village (Fajemsinho,) is so far worthy of notice, as being connected with the grandest scenery, perhaps, to be found among the Azores. It stands on the level floor of a magnificent semi-amphitheatre of cliffs, facing the open sea. It is surrounded by green fields and fresh vineyards, well-watered by the numerous streams that flow through it from the hills; and as we descended the steep zig-zag path cut in the southern cliffs, its limits were pointedly marked out by the blue curtain of wood-smoke which hung over the cottages. The fires had just been lighted for the evening meal. The setting sun shone up the mouth of the hollow with a soft yellow light, illu-

minating one side, and throwing the other into tender shadow. In one place the sunshine glittered on a thin silvery water-fall, which slowly turned over the edge of the distant precipice, — in another it sparkled through a shower of spray, into which a snowy thread was broken in its long fall from the heights; and as the soft clouds of vapor, into which other water-falls dispersed, were wafted to and fro in the light evening breeze, like the cloud of incense from a censor, it slightly tinged them with gold. Above our heads the hazy cliffs towered in their bold semicircle, diversified in color by various shades of green, brown, and grey; and where the ledges of lava which projected through the soil had been melted by streams and water-falls, or by the oozings from above, by streaks and bands of shining black. The sea in front of this vast theatre was brightly lighted by the sun, which, however, went down soon afterwards behind a bank of heavy clouds, and left the valley and the village, with the cliffs behind, cold and lustreless."

The description of the passage from this to the next village is so lively, and contains such wholesome truth, that we shall make no apology for extracting it.

"The path from this village to that of Panta Delgada leads up this precipice. It is fitter for goats rather than for man, so steep, stony, and impracticable is it. It more resembles the ruined stair-case of an abbey, — such as that in Netley Abbey, for instance, than a pathway for the inhabitants of a large village daily to go and return from their field labors. Yet the peasants come tripping down it, from stone to stone, carrying heavy burdens on their heads, as lightly and surely as none could do but those who have been used to pass over them barefooted from childhood. Yesterday morning, when we were laboring up this stony way in iron-shod walking shoes, sometimes grasping the heath on the inner side for greater safety, always keeping tightly hold of the Flores 'Alpen-stock,' and ramming it hard between the stones, to prevent a sudden slip, which would have sent us bounding into the sea, where the surf might be seen, but scarcely heard, one of the village girls passed us, with a heavy burden of wood upon her head. Her step was as fearless and graceful under her burden as ours was the reverse; and so quiet, that until she was close to us, I did not know she was near. She just balanced herself one moment upon a single stone in the path to allow us to pass, acknowledged our morning salutation with a slight blush and grave politeness, exchanged something more jocose with the hammock-men behind, and then, gathering up her white petticoat

with one hand, and steadying her load with the other, wound her way down the mountain. Nothing could be more graceful and easy than all her movements, and a moment's glance at her feet, which actually grasped the stone she stood on, soon explained the reason. We laugh at Chinese shoes with the same sort of self-complacency that the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire regard us barbarians. But only look at the foot of a statue, or the feet of this mountain-girl, or of a young child, or the impression in the hard wet sand of a man's foot that never wore a shoe, — that, for instance, of an Azorean or Neapolitan boatman, and compare it with the sharp angular mark of a boot or a shoe; and remember that the foot inside, whether it be whole bound in calf, sheep's skin, buck-skin, or morocco; or half-bound in silk, satin, or prunello, is, in nine cases out of ten, a misshapen deformity, with one toe kneaded into another toe, and nails at sixes and sevens; hardened where it should be soft, squeezed to a point where it should be spread abroad, pinched, ill-treated, and marred, by common consent almost from the hour of its birth; and then let us say how much superior is our own shoe-making to that of the Asiatic tea-dealers."

The journey around the island of Flores occupied two days, and seems to have been one of great interest. There are several towns, and the population twelve to fourteen thousand. The climate is colder than that of St. Michael's, so that oranges are not raised here. The road lay for the most part close to the sea-shore, and our travellers saw various proofs of the roughness of the coast, in the remains of wrecks which were scattered about, and sometimes used for building their cottages. In one place they saw a piece of a ship's stern with 'The Plymouth, Baltimore,' upon it. An anecdote connected with these wrecks we feel bound, in justice again to the priests, and to show that they sometimes speak, and speak with power, to extract.

"An anchor, belonging to a wrecked vessel, had been missing. No one, of course, knew anything about it; and, after every search had in vain been made for it, application was made to the priest. On the following Sunday, after mass had been said, he bade his congregation stop, as he had something serious to say to them; and turning round from the altar to the people, he concluded some such words as these, with the following strong metaphor. 'I have heard,' said he, 'with much sorrow, that an anchor from the vessel that was wrecked

upon our coast, has been stolen from the shore by some of my parishioners. I am informed that search has everywhere been made for that anchor, and that hitherto it has not been found. There are among the people who now hear me, those who well know both the persons who have stolen it, and the place where the anchor is concealed. I do not wish them to come forward now and openly confess their guilt, for that there is no necessity; but I charge them, by the holy office which I hold, to return that anchor to the place from which it has been taken, before seven days have gone by; and I here announce to those deluded men, who shall persevere in obstinate disobedience to my commands, that, in the last great day, *that anchor shall drag down their souls deeper and deeper into hell.* The next morning it was returned."

From Flores the Messrs. B. returned to Fayal, whence they visited the island of St. Georges. This island is chiefly remarkable as the scene of the last eruption, which took place in 1808. The fire broke forth in the midst of a *lake*, and immediately formed a crater of about twenty-four acres. From this flowed down a stream of lava to the sea, overwhelming a part of the village of Ursulina. The successive eruptions continued for more than a month. The distance of the crater from the sea was about four miles, and its elevation about three thousand five hundred feet. This island is larger than Pico, being about twenty-five miles in length, and quite narrow. Its population is about eight or ten thousand.

But the time had now come when a residence at the baths of Furnas was no longer uncomfortable, and thither our travellers returned, arriving in St. Michael's about the 1st of June. On their way to the Furnas they found the scenery much improved by the summer, for, though there is not the absolute change from summer to winter in these islands, to which we are accustomed, yet the difference is sufficiently perceptible. The baths, too, there was a change. They were no longer solitary. Visitors were there from Ponte Delgada, from Villa Franca, and other parts of the island. From the other islands too, it is not uncommon to resort to the hot springs of the Furnas; and we have heard that even from Madeira the inhabitants occasionally go to St. Michael's to escape the heat of their summer winds. For all this company, however, the accommodations are very meagre. It may interest our readers to hear with what sort of lodgings some of the visitors must be

content. Going to the bath one morning, the Messrs. B. observed a party just leaving.

"On our return the party had left, and pushing aside the half-opened shutter we looked into the room that had been vacated. With accommodations equalling perhaps those of a cow-house for one animal, the deserted sitting-room in other respects resembled a dull catacomb; the furniture had been removed, except, indeed, two worm-eaten bedsteads, — the melancholy spectres of their former selves, — and one high-shouldered wooden chair, which stood awkwardly awry, as if in a fit of the sullen, in a deep hole in the black irregular earthen floor. A piece of Indian matting had probably concealed the black earth; the boxes had supplied the place of chairs, and the clean beds with parti-colored coverlets, and the pillow with its muslin hangings, had completed the furniture of the room during the visit of the family who had left. They were 'respectable' people, from the neighboring town of Villa Franca, who in this sorry abode had contrived to enjoy themselves for the last three weeks. A young man of an evening sat at the door tinkling his guitar, whilst two or three women indolently leaned upon their arms at the window, returning the salutations of each passer-by, or chatting to a group standing around them. After dark the squeak of fiddle strings or of voices, and the bright light shining through the chinks of the rough window shutters, betokened the merriment of the inmates.

"In this way large families often leave their capacious dwellings in the towns and elsewhere, for the small, rough cabins in the village; philosophically, (as it would be called, if those few whom the world think wise men, had put up with such inconveniences,) making the best of such accommodations as the valley affords, for the sake of its natural attractions."

We shall complete the account of the baths of the valley of Furnas with the following description of the manner of using them, and the life of the bathers.

"The choice of baths at the springs lies between sulphur, iron, and the mixture of both. There are four bathing houses, one belonging to the Baron de Laranjeiros, which is the best; another open to the public, which is the worst; a third, the property of the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Hickling; and a fourth, which contains the iron and sulphur waters mixed, or the cold iron water alone, and called the *Misturas*, the property of I know not whom. In each bathing-house there is a reclining board; and the custom of many of the Azoreans is to take

their baths at a high temperature, to get into a profuse perspiration, dress, wrap themselves in a huge cloth cloak, and lie their lengths on the board for a period varying from a quarter of an hour to a whole one; after this to envelop their mouths and neck, and occasionally the entire head, in a pocket handkerchief or napkin, that they may imbibe no breath of cold air on their way home; and sometimes on their arrival there to lie down once more and perspire again. But in neither of these habits have we followed them in their daily baths. The most agreeable temperature for the sulphur baths is from 92° to 95° Fah.; hotter than this they are debilitating, and much cooler, chilly. The mixture of sulphur and iron, as it is more stimulating, may be made somewhat cooler; but a temperature between 90° and 95° is the most pleasant. Never has it been my good fortune to bathe in so luxurious a bath as the unmixed sulphur-water. If anything could possibly be found to reconcile one to earthquakes, it is assuredly to be found in the baths of the Furnas. Here they are, whenever you may choose to enjoy them, by night and by day, in cold and in heat, summer and winter, always the same, welling from their source in never-failing abundance, open at all hours, free to all, and free of cost. But let it not be supposed that we are in a bath pump-room, with its marble luxuries. Nothing can be less inviting than the appearance of these bathing-houses, which, for the most part, have a subterraneous aspect; but, except to the fastidious, they are all sufficient for the one purpose for which they have been built,—that of amply enjoying the waters. And let a rheumatic and sour-tempered Englishman, exercising his natural privilege of grumbling to its fullest extent, and whose every word and work, complexion, gait, and temper, whose very clothes, hanging on the pegs of the bath-room, indicate bile, after despising the appearance of these rooms, slowly, quietly, otter-like, subside into a sulphur bath, tempered by old John Quiet, to the moderate warmth of 95° ; and then let him confess, whether he be not a wiser and a better man, whether his discontent has not lessened, his lust for purple and fine linen vanished, and his care for marble and pump-rooms faded away.

“Having finished your bath, the next thing to be done is to drink the cold iron water,—the Seltzer water of the valley. This spring gushes from a stone spout in a bank near the Mistura baths. It colors the stone basin into which it falls; and the stones over which it flows to the stream below, a bright orange color. It is itself as clear and colorless as the air; and out it comes from its gaudy spout, sparkling, glittering, bub-

bling, leaping, clear and transparent as diamonds. It is as precious to the taste as it is to the eye. It stimulates and exhilarates the mouth, satiates thirst, cheers and refreshes the drinker. The slight metallic taste and effervescence, the grateful coolness, the purity and brightness of these waters, when you slake your thirst after a wearisome mountain walk, or fasting at your bath, and, indeed, at whatever hour you taste them, excite and invigorate the palate without any of those unpleasant sensations of cold distension, which would inevitably accompany an equal indulgence in ordinary cold water. Many of the islanders, however, dislike and make wry faces at them, except, indeed, a feeble old woman, who totters down the hill every morning, and stoops over the spring, in the hope, perhaps, of adding a few more days to her threescore years and ten; and, except the experienced Furnas peasant, weary with his day's toil, who may not unfrequently be seen turning out of the path to the iron spring, where, taking off his heavy carapuça, and laying down his burden, he drinks a large draught of the refreshment which God has here provided for him. Having drunk of the iron-water, the next subject for discussion is such a breakfast as the appetite, which it invariably gives, obliges you to eat. Of this wholesome meal, however, — the test of last night's temperance, — the Portuguese are indifferent eaters. Other occupations succeed, in which they partake more heartily. A pic-nic to the lake is occasionally suggested; and the indication of this is a long string of asses in 'lagging file,' with party-colored riders and well-stored panniers on their backs, which, followed by a crowd of drivers and servants, dawdles through the village to the excitement of the irritable cottage curs. A saunter in the Tank, the favorite grounds of the American Vice-Consul, is another amusement. A ride on an ass without aim, another. A paddle in a boat on the Tank, is another. Fishing, with crooked pins, for the gold fish in the lake, another. Lounging from house to house, talking an infinite deal of nothing, eating, sleeping, lounging again; eating again, gossiping, snuffing, smoking, card-playing, and sleeping once more, constitute and close the insipidities of the Furnas day."

These volumes close with an Appendix, in which is contained much valuable information concerning the climate and the diseases of the island of St. Michael's, together with a chemical analysis of the waters of its hot springs. As we have sufficiently taxed the patience of our readers with extracts, we give the substance of what is said on the two first points, in our own words.

Of the prevailing diseases in these islands, the Messrs. B. had uncommon opportunities of judging. During their winter residence at Villa Franca, they were thronged with patients, who by some means had found out that one of them was a physician. This tax upon their time and attention, for which the only compensation they received was thanks, was submitted to with a kindness and patience worthy all praise. Their names will be long remembered by that poor people. Not to go into all the details of the diseases which fell under their notice, we will merely state, that generally they were, as might be expected from the mild and equable climate, of a passive rather than active character. There were few cases of fever; consumption so rare that there were but two cases of it out of their four hundred and sixty-five patients. "This immunity from consumption is further evidence," Dr. B. remarks, "that one of the principal causes of this disease is great vicissitudes of temperature; and it also shows that humidity, when accompanied by a warm and equable temperature, is a favorable circumstance, rather than otherwise, in a climate which is sought by those who are predisposed to tubercular diseases of the lungs. In the island of Malta, where the air is very dry, although the climate is warm and not very variable, consumption prevails to a very considerable extent."

The climate is characterized as humid, mild, and equable. Estimated by the quantity of rain which falls, it is less humid than that of London or Rome. But it is an ocean dampness. It pervades everything. Boots grow mouldy, kid gloves are spotted, and clothes thrown aside at night, feel almost wet in the morning. Yet like the dampness of the ocean, it does not seem to affect the health injuriously. The natives, who live in cottages, without glass windows, and with earthen floors, are a healthy, robust race, and "more than one instance," says Dr. B. "occurred within my own observation, where Englishmen, who had been very subject to colds at home, were entirely free from them here." There is no absolute rainy season, as in some of the West India Islands. The nearest approach to it is in the months of November and December, when there are constant showers. Still our authors saw but one day of continued rain in their whole residence of eight months. The showers are succeeded almost instantaneously by bright sunshine, and often in a few minutes hardly a cloud is to be seen.

The mean out-of-door temperature during the winter months

was 60° Fah., with a range of only 7°. Within doors the difference in temperature was scarcely appreciable, though the range of the thermometer was 4° less. The highest point to which the thermometer rose during the winter months was 76°, and the lowest point to which it sank was 51°. It is remarkable that the heat on the 14th of January and on the 4th of July at the hottest part of the day, was the same, namely 76° Fah.

According to these observations, the mean temperature of St. Michael's is 2° colder than Madeira; 5° warmer than Lisbon; 13° warmer than Nice; 12° warmer than Rome or Naples.

On the other hand, the climate of St. Michael's appears to be more equable than that of Madeira, where the range of the thermometer in winter is given at 12°. At London it is 30°; at Nice 23°; at Rome 23°; and at Naples 30°.

The wind which prevailed in December was northeasterly; in January, February, March, and April, southerly. It must not be supposed, however, that the northeast wind in these islands is like ours in Boston. It is perhaps the most pleasant wind they have, cool but clear and bracing.

After some very sensible observations upon the expediency of sending any consumptive patients in search of health from change of climate, and the too common delay till it is too late, our author sums up with the following view of the recommendations of the Azores for such a purpose, as compared with Madeira, the common resort of his countrymen.

“There are, of course, many diseases for which a change to Italy is desirable, but consumption, when in its incipient stages, is not one of these. The island of Madeira is now recognised as far preferable to the south of Europe for this class of patients. The Azores are rather colder than Madeira, and somewhat more equable, and perhaps more humid, but they have not at present those accommodations for strangers which the latter island possesses, nor have they communication by steam with England. For such as have a family predisposition or tendency to consumption, and are strong enough to submit to the inconveniencies which must be expected in a foreign place, little frequented by visitors, St. Michael's or Fayal would be a good winter residence; but those in whom the disease was at all advanced, would not obtain the necessary comforts. A patient of the former class, who had wisely re-

solved on spending several years abroad, could alternately winter in St. Michael's, Fayal, and Madeira, and thus gain the benefits of change of residence and society. Many persons now spend the whole year in Madeira, living during the hot months among the mountains. Such would find the valley of the Furnas in summer a delightful change. By leaving Madeira in the beginning of June, such invalids might pass three or four months in this valley, and thus take advantage of the baths. The voyage, the change of scenery, the singular natural wonders of the place itself, and the agreeable stimulus which novelty affords, would make a residence in this somewhat rude watering-place both beneficial and agreeable, and relieve in some measure the monotonous existence of a confinement to one small island.

F. C.

ART. IV.—*Specimens of Foreign Literature. Vol. X. Theodore: Or, The Skeptic's Conversion.* Translated by JAMES F. CLARKE. In 2 vols. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1841.

IN the division of labor among the nations, to Germany has been given, mainly, the scholar's task. Her learning is the deepest, and most various, in the world. She publishes more new books, and her libraries keep more old ones, than can be shown by any other people. One consequence is, that she speculates more freely than any beside, upon all permitted subjects, and broaches all possible theories and imaginations upon themes considered however settled or sacred. But let us hear without panic all she has to say. Literature is a staple in excess with her;—she is a book-worm and a book-maker, by the confession of some of her own sons; but the power of books is by no means irresistible; nor, to resist it, must we needs vie with another in mere abundance of speculation and writing. The disproportionate literary action of the mind has its evil as well as its good. The wide learning and profound investigation of the Germans are combined with much of weak passiveness and vagueness,—with a flighty imagination as well as strong thought, and with more of religious sentiment than moral nerve. Still, in letters, they take the lead; and it is well for us to be made acquainted with these heirs of the scholastics of the middle ages. We have now many samples

of their philosophy, poetry, and theology, for which we are grateful, though, allowing for the drawbacks of interest in all translation, nothing has yet come to make us ashamed of English literature or the English mind. We commend those who, with something of the gift of tongues, are still enlarging the materials of our judgment. Sometimes we have thought it not quite fair, when overwhelmed with an immense and slightly-scornful enumeration of authors, whom their eulogist defies us to match from our own acquaintances. And sometimes we have feared for the student of this lore, lest the immigrants into his mind should subdue the natives of the soil. Nor can we admit, though welcoming all proficiency in this study, the necessity, urged by some, of a thorough inoculation with it to mental health and culture. There are those, with little more of the genius for languages than is needful to carry them without reproach through a course of liberal education, on whose abilities and thoughts the riches of no language could pour contempt. Again, with some there is a mere learning, (of more dignity than that of facts,) of others' intellectual states, which thought-learning not a few fatally substitute for original mental vigor; though laden with the spoils of many a nation's history, they can speak no kindling word of their own. And there are minds, almost disabled from reaching sincere convictions, with no self-restraint upon venting crude notions, the instruments of their tools, the helpless prey of their acquisitions, weak and pale before the spirits they have raised.

Having said thus much, not without occasion, let us freely admit the merits of those who modestly master the language and speculation of a sister people, and render thanks for the gift of their valuable results. We welcome the continuation of the present series, and thank, in particular, the translator of the volumes before us. They need not his apology, for we should hardly know we were not reading his original work. The author, De Wette, has reached in one point a singular excellence, in combining, with so lively and interesting a story, so various a texture of striking thought upon religion, philosophy, and art, — showing their mingled influence in the growth of the mind. We must hastily pass over many of his topics. The analogy much of the dialogue runs between states of feeling and nature, is often just and highly poetic; but at times becomes fanciful and weak. The views of justification by faith are important, though not new to theologians among ourselves.

The discussions on the true idea and form of the church, are well to be considered, though, in the character of religious worship and association, we should remember the spirit is of more concern than the letter, and be careful lest, despising the letter of others, we worship a letter of our own.

But instead of attempting to treat all the topics arising in the progress of the work, we shall confine ourselves to one question, often reappearing in it, and upon which the translator gives his own supplements, — the relation of Naturalism and Spiritualism to Supernaturalism, in a true interpretation of the Christian faith. Here is the point, on which plainly is to be joined the most serious issue for religion of the present day. Is Christianity a development of the natural powers of the human mind, or a special interposition of God? We believe there are errors and deficiencies in the reasonings urged and the systems built up on either side of this question; and that there is a real harmony in the ideas arising from both. But reserving our views here for the conclusion of our remarks, we shall now present several arguments to prove Christianity a strictly supernatural revelation. And first, let us ask the import of the miracles. Some seem to consider these as parasitical plants on the tree of life; others accept them, but not as giving authority to Christ's instructions; while most Christians perhaps think this their only office. We hold them to be an indispensable seal borne by Christ as God's special herald; but, not to repeat too much the usual defence of this position, we believe the miracles themselves teach truth, and thus are emphatically, in Christ's own phrase, to be believed. And first, they teach that material nature is not the original, ultimate existence, but that a spiritual power behind it controls and overcomes it. Nor is this a needless instruction. One form of infidelity has always been in the doctrine, that the world itself, as it stands, is eternal and uncaused; the events now proceeding have proceeded in an eternal series; nothing exists but matter and its laws, — the human soul but a finer texture of clay, a transient light from the friction of material elements. Now, among other refutations, the miracles may be regarded as a reply from God himself to this atheistic theory; showing nature itself is not original and ultimate, but that a living Force beneath it unfixes its wheels, and bids them fly back or forth with perfect flexibility. We see thus how superficial the view that calls miracles appeals to the senses, their immediate office being the direct contrary,

a revelation of spirit as primary and supreme, in fact a re-assertion of the Creator. The things made declare the Godhead ; this wondrous dominion over them declares it anew ; and atheism is doubly atheism, when it stands unblushing before the miracles of Christianity, as well as the splendors of creation. And this reassertion meets not only a particular position of atheism, but a natural prejudice of the common mind, and the habitual impression of the worldling. Had this course of natural laws flowed through all time a sacred, unbending river, men might have thought, if not that matter is the foundation of all things, yet that there is something inviolable and fatal in its movements, — and thus could not so have realized the almightiness of God. Miracles have wrought strongly to prevent this absorption of the human soul in material laws. It is observable, too, that this office of them is perpetual. It is sometimes said, they were intended only to waken the dull minds of the Jews ; and pious believers in our faith have thought that their evidence with the lapse of time loses something of its freshness and force. But in one way this freshness and force are increased. For, in the lapse of time, man's researches into the laws and powers of matter have grown even more deep and subtle. We have discovered the hiding-places of all art and magic. The principles of low jugglery and grand deception have been detected, and every lying sign and wonder unveiled. But science, lynx-eyed, and laden with the trophies of discovery, has approached not one step to explaining the dread, beneficent miracles of Jesus Christ. They remain miracles as much as ever, — the sublime outstretchings of the Almighty arm, — the direct givings of the Infinite bounty. And as we see that arm identified with the hand of Christ, and ranging through the round of nature's manifestations, — as it were every spring in her mechanism giving way before it, — we cannot but have a new sense of the eternal omnipotent Spirit.

And this leads us to remark another teaching of miracles, not only of the Divine Being, but also of the Divine Presence. Thus, they meet skepticism again, one of whose doctrines has been, that God has nothing to do with the world He has made, but, like an Eastern king, sits apart in repose. Nor has this been an impression of philosophers only ; but the mass even of the religious seem to fancy that God, having made the world in six days, retired, like any other workman, from his work, to dwell afar, and not beside and within them. Now, whatever

can give a new sense of the divine omnipresence, is precious indeed ; for it has been said, hardly too strongly, that but realizing the truth, "Thou, God, seest me," would alone keep from all vice, and prompt to all virtue. True, God's presence is revealed to a spiritual mind in all His works, — in the birth of a child as in the raising of the dead. But most minds are not spiritual. Probably most believing minds habitually stop at the outward world, and only for moments, in raptures of devotion, realize the divinity moving through it. Men of science, from their very familiarity with second causes, sometimes overlook the First. From the adaptations that fill earth and the human frame, they can soar like Lecomte among the stars without finding the Almighty. To them, as to so many more ignorant, nature becomes an idol. They worship, not the sun with the Persian, but the universe. Now miracles are God's arm, breaking in pieces this idol, which, broken once, is broken forever, though the age of miracles is gone. They show that God's immediate agency but seems to our dim sight to slumber beneath this beautiful procession of effects, — that nature's laws bind not His power, but are fixed by it as a foundation for our knowledge and action. And what is very remarkable, is the extent of this miraculous evidence. The circle of Christ's power over nature, seems a full circle. Was the eye blind ? he opened it. The ear deaf ? he unstopped it. The tongue bound ? he loosed it. The brain lunatic ? he regulated it. Food scarce ? he multiplied it. Wine wanting ? at his touch the water "blushed" into it. The storm up ? he laid it. Kindred dead ? he raised them. Mortals suffering the ills "flesh is heir to" ? among the sick hosts on hosts that crowded his step, probably every variety of disease fled from his healing hand. And in the parting of body and soul, on his cross, as its miraculous might went out of the world, it rent it and veiled its light. What was wanting to describe this power as it were round the whole sphere of nature, but that the very hands and lips that had held it, after death's damps had passed through them, should break through bars of rocks, to do and speak again in the world of their benediction. When, throughout, the power of the world yields to a mightier power, the thin crust is broken which parts us from the Infinite and Eternal. We know God's presence. We see the vision of the wheels Ezekiel saw, which had a living spirit in them, moving them every way. We judge that God moves what at every

point He stops, — that he is in the tempest he makes sink at his Son's bidding, — that He lights up the luminary he darkens before His Son's cross.

Again ; while the miracles are a new lesson on God's being and presence, they teach His supreme regard, above all His other works, for the soul. It may be said, the soul knows this by intuitive communings with Him. But few know it so surely as to despise all confirmation of the fact. Indeed, at this point skepticism again denies the fact. A prevailing strain of argument with doubters is this, that it is the crowning piece of human vanity for this little, short-lived creature to pretend to be the chief object of the divine favor, — this thin population to think itself of more importance than the swarming myriads of animal tribes, — this very mote of humanity to imagine itself prized above these immense masses of matter. This great palace is built for other ends than to serve man's convenience and nourish his extravagant hopes. Now miracles answer this sneering disparagement of human nature. For if God, by amazing miracles, alters the palace for man's sake, He may have built it for his sake. Miracles surely were wrought for mankind. In them nature seems a self-denying servant to help the human soul. She stoops that it may mount over her, and make of her a ladder to the Eternal throne. She opens her most solid walls as portals for the coming in of the Almighty. He boweth His heavens and comes down. It is not vanity for the soul to aspire after the measure of His own doings on her account. It is not vanity for her to think herself better than the clods of the valley, which He breaks visibly again and again for her resurrection.

And here we come to the last direct teaching of miracles we shall mention, — the soul's immortality. Perhaps no argument has been more labored on natural ground, than that on the question whether we shall survive the grave. And with what result ? That the wisest ancient sages hoped to live again, yet trembled and doubted mid their hopes ; and some of them expressed the longing for a direct revelation, — and that a few modern philosophers, now this revelation has come, profess to be entirely independent of its evidence to this point, having the absolutely certain evidence of intuition ; but not with the result of satisfying on this ground, many other philosophers, as wise as these, or sustaining the hopes of any considerable portion of the human family. The question here is not of the

universality of the idea of immortality. The question is not of the possibility of any mind's reaching strong faith on this point from self-inspection. We suppose a perfect knowledge of the nature of anything would indicate its destiny; and therefore perfect self-knowledge would detect the Maker's purpose in His work, and declare immortality. And we welcome all new evidences and illustrations drawn up from the well of truth in the bottom of the human heart. We ourselves love nothing better than to study these deep hieroglyphics of the Almighty's finger. In the gropings of abstruse reasoning, we have sometimes thought we were seizing this strong chain that binds the human mind to the eternal shore. In hours of high contemplation, we have perhaps foolishly dreamed that we caught some glimpse of what is meant by the intuition of immortality; and thought ourselves so to live, we saw not how we were ever to die. Though we know not how much of this was our own light, how much the reflection of Christianity. But the question is, whether the children of God, in their various constitution and power of speculation,—in ignorance, sickness, grief,—need the miraculous declarations of the Gospel. Verily, Christ, and he alone, gives to mankind a revelation of immortality for us all, and he always makes it plain. His miracles do not argue the question, they show the fact. If, after showing his commission, he had affirmed a future life, our faith would be bound. But his recall of the soul to the deserted frame proves that the soul was not dead, but departed. He did not create a new soul, but restored the same to its familiar habitation. He is accounted happy who can bring up cases in point to the general doctrines he lays down. Christ brought up infallible examples, not only predicting an entrance into the world of spirits, but actually opening down that world into our own; summoning the witnesses to his words even out of eternity, and from the very presence of God; nay, coming back himself, an all-glorious witness, to make good his own words forever, so long as the world should stand and history keep her treasure.

The question has been asked, Hath any traveller come back from the mysterious bourne, to tell us of this spirit-land? We answer, Yes, travellers more than one, with these tidings at least, that the divine spark in the human breast is not quenched in the damps of the dark valley. Now, the human intellect, ever tending to conceit of its powers, in moments of high-wrought speculation, may make light of these demonstrations

of immortality. But when the evil days come, when long sickness dims the eye of the mind as well as body, and breaks up the chain of reasoning as well as the course of labor, — when affliction, more prostrating, tries the stability of these beautiful visions of the imagination, — then most men feel they want something more. Then the drowning soul clutches at every straw. Many fine-spun theories break under the weight of its despondency ; — many ingenious images of discourse, pleasant for the hour, have faded from its sight, and the broken sepulchre of Jesus towers up from the blank waste of its despair, a substantial sign, — the very “gate of Heaven.”

If we have given a just direction to these remarks, the miracles of Jesus serve an important office of teaching themselves, while they establish his right to teach. It is sometimes said, Christ's truth, not his power, proves him divine. If what has been said be just, his truth and power are one and inseparable. Indeed, we regard him as manifesting a superhuman truth, and superhuman goodness, as well as superhuman power. His miraculous character is three-fold, corresponding to the three grand attributes of God. And these three in him are inextricably interwoven, a glorious Trinity, — so much so, that they almost seem to take at once each other's shape. Christ's character is all natural ; because, without a break, it is all supernatural. And few things we conceive can be more offensive to the humble disciple of Christ than the speculative, controversial suppositions, by which it is somewhat common to present these three apart, in a kind of dissection, generally to show that Christ's mere power, had it been mere power, would not prove him to have come from God. We are told, when two or more elements are chemically united, the result is not a compound, but a new substance, individual in force and properties. Something like this is the simplicity of this marvellous union we have remarked in Christ. We have spoken of the miracles as directly teaching truth. We would not leave this point without observing, that they also seem to us indirectly to teach it. Doctrines brought under this stamp of power, honored with this signature of miracle, receive a special emphasis. Christ's works lay an accent on his words. They select from the whole body of truth what is of most moment for us to dwell upon and consider. Nor is this an insignificant service. History testifies abundantly how even great minds, in their unassisted moral studies, have often failed in this power to select the essential

from the unimportant, and have wandered into the most foolish trifles, as well as the most serious mistakes. For instance, in regard to the terms of pardon with God, men have sincerely asked, not only, Shall I sacrifice the firstlings of my flock? but "Shall I give the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" or scourge my own flesh? And will any one say that Christ's seals of a superhuman commission add no force, and call no attention to his doctrine of repentance alone making the soul a subject of pardon, and his own death as the only needed sacrifice?

Again; men in their ignorance and selfishness have strayed as to the standard of morality, — sometimes signaling gross vices, as cheating, lying, anger, for necessary virtues; and sometimes scorning the purest virtues, as meekness, patience, temperance, for mean vices, — practically, conscience proving a very chameleon without religion and the word of God. And will any one say no new impression is made on his moral sensibility by Christ's heaven-attested exaltation of the meek, temperate, self-denying qualities of character, before him neglected, and disparagement of the proud, luxurious, warlike ones, before him extolled? And does the authority with which he speaks give no force to the model of a child's trusting, joyful piety he substitutes for the self-affliction and servility with which men had so generally thought to glorify their Maker? Can we tell how many Christ's miracles, in whatever light viewed, have led to dwell on his most purely spiritual truths, — how many themes they have given of a soul-saving meditation? To those who consider all the speculations, true and false, grand and trifling, into which men's minds, on all these subjects, have run, this effect of Christ's miraculous commission will seem a truly divine eclecticism. To this direct and indirect teaching of the miracles, might be added their symbolical instruction, which is beautiful and inexhaustible.*

* While we accord with much our friend the translator has added of his own matter in notes, some of his views we think unsound. Were theological questions to be settled by human authority, we should regard his list of original works in theology, though containing some names we delight to honor, as yet exclusive and incomplete. His views in note H. on the nature and object of miracles, we feel bound to notice. Does he really believe the prevailing view of miracles among us is of things "*unnatural*?" Does he rightly state the question lately moved, as being, "Whether we believe the truth of Christianity because of its miracles, or its miracles because of its truth?" Is it not

In view of the whole we must join in the cry extorted from the iron-bound sentinels set to watch the crucifixion, when the Father in mighty wonders appointed his Son's funeral rites, and nature mourned, "Truly this was the Son of God." Is not the plea, that evil demons might work equal miracles with Christ's an approach to the unpardonable sin he charged upon those, who attributed his mighty works to Beelzebub? And though he warns his followers, that false prophets would deceive, were it possible, the very elect, with great signs and wonders, he admits not they would do anything comparable to his own deeds, or that it would be possible to deceive the faithful on their guard; nor does History testify any events occurred to rank with his miracles. The works of the old Egyptian magicians, under the test, faded before the Mosaic miracles,—and even these, though no man can refute their reality, in historic certainty, in singular grandeur, and in pure beneficence, cannot vie with those of Christianity. We conclude then with Nicodemus, — "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, — for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." In this argument Jesus seems to acquiesce, — and indeed they who disparage it seem in their mind to be at variance with God, who urges it, and Christ, who appeals to it, and all the believers at the time, who accepted it. It is remarkable of John, who is regarded as the most spiritual

rather, whether the claim such a being as Christ makes expressly on the ground of his miracles, to a supernatural commission, is to be allowed? His hypothesis for settling the question, as he states it, is that we should be more ready "to believe Christ divine on account of his teaching and character," were "all the miracles removed from his life, than if the marvellous part of his history were presented to us separated from his teaching and character." Is this hypothesis possible either to be applied or even distinctly framed? We confess we cannot imagine such a supposition upon the history of Jesus. To speak of separating Christ's miracles from his teaching and character, is to us no less than to speak of annihilating all. The translator takes the plea made by the advocate of miracle, that no bad man *could* work it, as laying down the principle, that, as a good man only can work it, "we receive the fact because of the character of the man." We ask, how many good men have wrought miracles? Finally, is the translator's reason for not accepting the wonders of jugglers as miracles, simply that he "knows the purpose and agent to be alike unworthy of God?" Before knowing this would he accept these wonders as miracles?

of the Evangelists, and as treating the gospel most on subjective grounds, refers to miracle as evidence more than all the other three.

Our next argument to prove Christianity supernatural is the character of Christ. Of this supreme manifestation of wisdom loveliness, purity, — we would say the only satisfactory account is, that it came from the special inspiration of God. First it would seem so, lying as this character does in such complete offset to that of the nation and age in which Christ lived. That an Hebrew of the Hebrews should have been no Jew, — should have shown none of the features, which the tide of so many centuries and the misfortunes of so wide dispersions have not at all worn out from the descendants of Israel, is amazing. The greatest human characters have savored of the soil where they grew. So free was Christ from all national idiosyncrasy, as to be beyond criticism the type of all excellence, so little of peculiar idiom in his speech, that, translated into all tongues, it embraces the common idea and sentiment of the human mind. That born of proverbially the narrowest of all races, he should have shown such enlargement; that, growing up mid prejudices against all the world, which make Greek and Roman contempt of barbarians seem insignificant, he should have embraced the Gentiles in his plan; that, among the bitterest local hatreds he should have rooted such universal love to men, — and right against such exclusive ceremonial piety have set forth the so purely spiritual worship of God, — this unmodelled, unmatched character, to which earth gave no sustenance, is a moral miracle; especially when we observe that it is Christ's alone. It has been said, great men are born in clusters; and history justifies the remark. But Christ had no peers, — he was the whole constellation. The great men of science, such as Bacon and Newton, had predecessors who almost anticipated their discoveries. But the world travelled not by such easy steps to Christ. It is a favorite idea of modern philosophy, that distinguished persons are but representatives of their age. Christ was no such representative. The loftiest characters of one age have, each in his own department, been outstripped by successors. Christ has never been outstripped; forever "lifted up," — he has set forever the type of excellence none beside have reached.

And again, while his character is divine in its contrast with others, it is so too in its own union and balance of all excellences. There is no cardinal virtue absent, no nicer line of gentleness wanting. Genuine goodness had appeared in many a

Hebrew and Heathen before him, — but to his, it was as the twilight and the morning to the noon-day sun. It has been said, without proof, that all his precepts can be gathered by a general ransacking of all the systems and records of antiquity. What a eulogy on the New Testament, — that there is no term of comparison for it but the distilled essence of the world's history ! But where are these precepts to be found in such living harmony of word and deed ? Is method, vitality, example, nothing ? — Even good tendencies become vices, carried to excess and enthusiasm. What calmness breathed over his soul, and bound in its matchless proportions ! One good quality appears, though it is not incompatible with another in the same character. How Jesus reconciled all the oppositions of beauty with boldness, — sweetness with plainness, — cheerfulness with strictness ! The best men have but their good points, — and the purest their faults. Whence that character combining all excellences and excluding all blemishes, but from the overflowing inspiration of God ?

But we must go a step further. What was the principle of this glorious poise and harmony ? Here again we come to the supernatural. The positive qualities of Christ's character seem but the effusion of an exhaustless spiritual fountain, and an overflowing divine grace. His virtue was not struggling and elaborate. Though tempted in all points, there seems to have been no hesitation or contest in his sinless resistance. Yet let it not be said he is therefore no example, — for who can tell the cost of pain in body, mental suffering, heart-breaking anguish, at which he gained his instant victories, — in his moral will the peace of infinite power, in his natural frame often bitter distress. And the pang of some trials is keener in proportion to the exaltation of the character, — as in that of all his friends forsaking him to solitary sweating as of blood, and unshared ignominy, which probably, rather than death, was the cup he for once prayed might pass from him. But we must say further, we do not regard him as an example merely, but a standard of every virtuous perfection. After philosophy's long-wandering speculations upon virtue, and questionings of its reality, we think it was worthy of God to give, as in His own right, a living manifestation of entire spiritual excellence. Every man has his own moral, as well as intellectual nature. Christ surely had his. We know not what higher orders of being may exist in God's dominion — and to our mind, Christ stands alone upon

earth. We cannot class him. His character is "of its own kind." His name may be studiously assembled in the list with geniuses and sages, — but it will not do, — it stands more alone in its sudden contrast with them, than when itself only is mentioned. Nor does this separate elevation hinder Christ's attraction to our spirit. If, like Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim, I can see the "celestial city" from afar, and "hear all the bells ring therein," shall I stop maintaining I will not proceed, till I know that all its inhabitants arrived by the way I am going? And shall I refuse to advance towards this high splendor of spiritual glory in Christ, till I can trace every step he took to the sacred summit? — or by the dangers of pitfall and precipice, if need be, myself press on to the blessed station for which I long. The nature and principle of Christ's excellence was to make him "the image of the invisible God," — and as we call God not virtuous, but good, there was an essential moral beauty in Christ. Yet we may aspire to that divine love we so often name with unmeaning lips, whose reality, the inward principle of our Lord's character, in its immeasurableness can be accounted for only by the unlimited inspiration of God. We have but one more remark in proof that Christ's character was supernatural, — that he makes and claims this explanation of it himself, — with inimitable beauty speaking of himself, in the third person as "him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent." In view of this and much other language, how can we make him a mere man, but at the expense of his own veracity? Rousseau and Voltaire, the two modern chiefs of infidelity, have admitted such a greatness in Jesus, as to show their own inconsistency in questioning his supernatural claims.

Once more, we argue for the supernatural character of our religion from its standing monuments. For every effect we must assign an adequate cause. As the only account of the world is God's power, so the only account of the spiritual creation of Christianity is God's commission. As when we find marine shells on some lofty heights, we conclude those hill-tops must once have met the ocean-tides, so we can explain these, not fossil, but living remains of our religion only by a spiritual flood. One of these relics is the New Testament, not only standing, but geometrically gaining power through so many ages, with its glorious ideas enriching all minds, and exalting all literature, making the loftiest strains of imagination seem but inspirations from its own thoughts of immortality and God, — a book, whose

character infidels can explain only by supposing it the purified extract of all the foregone wisdom of the world. We have heard remarks which seemed to equalize it with the obscure creeds of oriental religions, — but this was made safe only by the speaker's forbearing all strict comparison. When the most famous of these, the Mohammedan Koran, is really read in connexion with the New Testament, the difference is seen to be as vast and inexpressible as that between Christ and an ancient sage. There is something savoring, with a strange sweetness, of antique lore, in boldly pronouncing Zoroaster and Confucius with our Lord's name; but when the teachings of these men are investigated, the charm suddenly fades, and the mind feels it has been imposed upon. To understand the whole superiority of the Bible, we must indeed have something of the same spirit to interpret it, in which it was penned. When Celsus said he found nothing in Scripture, he could not find as well in the philosophers and poets, it was replied, Celsus had not the true spirit in which to read Scripture.

It might be shown that the institutions of Christianity, as well as its books, imply a superhuman origin. It is a remarkable fact, that before the times of the church we are told of no hospitals, almshouses, or public refuges for the sick and aged, as existing among the wisest and most valiant nations, with all their political and military splendor. Tenderness to the poor and infirm on any extensive scale, and as a matter of principle, may almost be said to be a virtue revealed by Christianity. The rude crucifix planted through the Christian centuries at the monastery's door is no unmeaning emblem. And well may the world date, by "the year of our Lord," a new chronology. And what shall be said of the standing monuments of churches? Shall the countries, over which they have spread, the minds, on which they have taken hold, the influences they exert, the hopes they inspire, be compared with those embraced by the mosque or pagoda? It has been said a noble church uplifts the mind like a grand poem. Can the associations, whence its power comes, be traced to any other origin than the special communion of God and effusion of the Holy Spirit? What Christianity has done incidentally to its great object of saving the soul, in impulse to the human mind, purifying human affection, exalting woman to her true sphere, spreading great ideas of peace, temperance, freedom, and reforming civil policy, points to its divine origin. The tremendous odds between the Jew-

ish carpenter and his Jewish fishermen have sometimes been vividly described, yet their victory left unaccounted for, except by the natural powers of the mind, while the only sufficient cause, in a miraculous divine help, was completely slurred. But there are more glorious monuments still, spiritual temples, whose building, infinitely transcending any other work ever carried on in human hearts, rising in God's children here, and not finished in his saints in light, — with unimaginable glory, — could have been begun only by that supernatural power, by whose aid it is still carried on. At least such is the testimony of the regenerate themselves, if their witness in a matter of personal experience is to be received. They refer all their attainment to their faith in Christ's supernatural commission and its guardian Spirit, the promised comforter. Account for the standing monuments of Christianity without miracle, and you leave them a miracle to be accounted for.

We derive our last argument from the nature of the human mind, which is so constituted as to expect and welcome miraculous interpositions. The mind feels the never varied procession of effects to be an imprisoning dome. It is a relief to it, when the arm of that God it believes in comes forth, for good cause, to reverse it. We could not have a more striking evidence here than the anticipation some ancient sages had, that a supernatural revelation might sometime resolve the doubts with which they were distressed. And while to these are added the greatest modern names, such as Milton and Locke, who believed in Christianity as supernatural, it cannot be said, the fondness for miracles is confined to low intellects or a vulgar age. When we see moreover how readily, with some exceptions, the multitude of men accept miracles as the proper testimonials of a divine communication, the argument seems complete. This natural welcome the human mind gives to the miraculous will render forever futile, for any general influence, the slights some may cast upon Christ's mighty works. In controversy, distinguished authors, such as Jonathan Edwards, have been quoted as rating low the argument for miracles, because they so exalted the internal evidences of Christianity; but it would be easy to show how unfairly they are represented, by quoting other parts of their writings, in which the necessity of miracles is maintained. The true philosophy of human nature shows that miracles are not monstrous, but the fit food of the human mind.

On a subject so sifted, our arguments may have little novelty to many of our readers; we can only plead we have presen-

ted them as they freshly strike our own mind. And we must now be allowed to say, that it becomes those, who dissent from the commonly received view of Christianity, instead of publicly accusing Christians of making an idol of Christ, instead of denouncing in general terms the institutions they prize, instead of scornfully calling them back to a purely intuitive religion, to meet these arguments, and do something to earn the title of rational they assume. It is not a mystic, rashly generalizing eloquence, — omitting all notice of the points of the case, — it is not a poor contempt, boldly poured on logical reasoning and the human understanding, it is not a despising of the lessons of History and past experience, that, in the view of sensible and good men, will dispose of this impregnable bulwark, this four-fold fortification of miracle, inspiration, the law of cause and effect, and the religious nature of the human mind, standing in defence of the supernatural origin of Christianity.

But supernaturalism itself sometimes transgresses its proper limits to trespass on those of rationalism. We propose in what remains to speak of relative errors of each to the other in this respect, and finally of the mutual harmony, in their true estate, of both. And first, supernaturalism becomes false by being exclusive and extreme. Scripture itself appeals not to miracle only, but to Nature and reason also, represents God reasoning with man's mind while commanding his will, testifies that His eternal power and godhead are declared by His works, and implies that miracle itself, instead of being the sensual argument some call it, requires a measure of faith and moral power to appreciate it! — for Christ wrought not mighty works in scenes of gross unbelief, regarding them as wasted on the unspiritual. The unspiritual regard miracles with stupid wonder, but the spiritual, while recognising their evidence, require no ingenious illustrations, (like that of Mr. Babbage,) to show they violate not *His* Law, whose will they express.

The chief thing men's minds seem now dimly groping after in religion is the point of union between the supernatural and the rational. Many plainly carry supernaturalism to a hurtful excess, making revelation the only source of religious knowledge, and instead of supposing revelation itself the effect of a divine commission, illumination, direction of free minds, viewing every speaker and actor in it as mere instruments, with mechanical inspiration of each word and deed, the literal mouth and hand of God. Like that old class of interpreters, who found a

momentous meaning in the corner of a Hebrew letter, they detect in every clause and figure in the Bible a special divine dogma, of which the human mind must be the unreasoning receptacle. This view we think open to several grave objections.

And first, it makes Nature a mere machine, — identifying as it does everything religious with the supernatural. Nature is God's precisely as much as Revelation; nor can be disparaged with less impiety. "God speaketh once, yea, twice," the voices of both chime together; and when that of the soul is joined, we have the full chord in the glorious chant of Creation's praise. And natural events equally with sacred history express the divine attributes. The peculiarity of miracle is not that it is greater than any other work of God, but that it stands somewhat differently related to the mind. This reaction of the all-moving hand, though violating no laws but in reference to our experience of the world's order, yet marks a special Almighty word. And the skepticism, that denies anything special can be said under such a seal, denies God the privilege of express communication with His creatures, — which savors of impiety, if not of Atheism.

Yet miracle, though holding this great office, robs not Nature of her honor. Natural religion remains the basis of revealed. Had not religion its solid foundation on earth, the word from heaven would waste, without an echo, in the air. Great too is Nature's direct religious bounty to all generations. She feeds the body with her minutiae, but with her immensities the soul. She wakes the mind in the morning of its powers, clothes with shining imagery and symbolic speech its greatest ideas, gives clearness to its original perceptions of the infinite and eternal, and points it to its Author in prayer, herself seeming to be "breathless with adoration." She applies intellect and imagination with endless materials of thought and beauty; all which is probably but what Locke means in his so called sensual philosophy. Nature is the soul's educator, representing in her forms all its powers and tendencies. Like the repeated line in some Hebrew poetry, is her parallelism to the mind, as "she weaves the living clothing" of its Inspirer. It is not enough to say, we rise through Nature up to Nature's God. She is more than a ladder to Him, even a receptacle of His presence and love. Science, with all its astonishing triumphs, has made but the thinnest section in her sphere. With our chemic detection of simple substances, geologic opening of the earth's crusts, and at

length our watching, according to the disclosures of modern astronomy, the very process of creation in the stars of heaven, we seem to imagine we are mastering the universe, — when all this is but as the small frost that has fallen in a night on the unfathomable works of God, the religious imagination exulting as it sees the thin nebulae of new worlds still skirting the utmost range of human vision, while the mysterious unknown is left as much as ever to be understood only by the heart's wonder and praise. But now if one, "in a fine frenzy" that he has an eye for this great picture, will make Nature the only source of religious teaching, he is in another extreme. Recoiling from the extreme supernatural view, some appear at times to retreat full upon the old ground of Nature worship. Nature is no machine but an ever shining manifestation, as the sunbeam of the Sun, of her source. And yet to our eyes she seems but a dim remote transcript of those divine glories, which shine direct in the face of Jesus Christ. Her teachings are often indefinite. Christianity authenticates the lessons of Nature, adds to them new ones, sanctions with infinite motive all, gives an anchor to the wandering mind, and in the restless sea of its speculation points to a fixed load-star above the world.

The next objection to exclusive supernaturalism is, that it makes revelation a mere scheme. It regards Christ and his apostles as channels of words, whose literal force, drawn out with grammar and lexicon alone by a prose-logic, made rigid in creeds, and enforced by penalties, is the sum of revelation. It thus makes salvation the technical result of external means, instead of a spiritual development under appointed influences. It makes Scripture a minute contrivance, instead of an overflow of the divine spirit, and a resplendent representation of spiritual life. Christianity is doubtless a system of doctrines, but was never designed to be pressed into the mould of obligatory creeds, and, with every shifting of men's passions and fancies, made the parent of endless sectarianism and dispute. Into how gross errors respecting God's character, Christ's offices, and man's native state, has the killing letter of interpretation led. The spiritual reading of the Bible shows a connexion of truths, which, as they are seen to lie in thought, are well nigh the same with all believers, though every attempt to put them into precise expression kindles the strife about words afresh. One secret of the power of revelation is the spirituality and infinity of its truths and laws. Therefore it has not been out-

grown. Were it the mere scheme the controversialist pretends, it would have been outstripped and left behind ages ago. Human creeds suppose God would bind the soul to his will. But there are many indications that He desires not to subject man even to Himself. He will own no slaves. In nature, revelation, and the soul alike, He ever seems to retire from view. He shelters the soul all about, as a delicate plant, from foreign intrusions, even from the too awful coming in of his own might. Thus the difficulties, against which Butler guards revelation by showing equal ones in nature, appear to have from God Himself a worthy end in both, — to quicken his children's minds. He would have them reverently act as of themselves, and therefore gives them stints, goes out to tempt them to follow on their own wings, fixes knotty points for them to untie with their own reasoning, as a parent or teacher would do. Thus a purpose dawns on those everlasting questions of foreknowledge, free will, divine grace, never yet settled. What an amount of power, intellectual and moral, they have brought out ! The primal duties shine aloft as stars, but it is a beneficial stimulus to thought to leave room for discussion on many minor points of argument and illustration ; not thus to break the bond of charity, but to nourish that mental life which gives to charity its sweetness. All this freedom of discussion, for which God Himself has thus provided, is shut out, when Christianity is viewed as a mere contrivance and scheme metaphysically finished, when learned theologians tell us how all its parts nicely meet for effect, and by the use of what admirable logic, necessary in every link, the divine mind would prove to itself its ability to be merciful without the compromise of justice. Christianity has a perfect wisdom of adaptation. But over-curiously tracing this, men run into groundless fancies, impose arbitrary plans on God, lose the grand ideas with which He lights the sacred page, while each party, in anxious defence of its own shibboleth, excludes all but the favored few from heaven.

The last fault we mention of an extreme supernaturalism is, that it makes the human soul a mere automaton, as we have already implied. It lays a harsh bondage on reason and conscience. It pretends that the principles of revelation are so exact, that there is no business of consultation with reason and conscience to do. We might argue against this view from the honest differences of opinion, from the equally shining char-

acters in every trait of excellence under all these differences, and from the very nature of language and the human [mind. But we would further draw an argument from analogy. It is unlikely God would lay on us such a chain in revelation, for He has not done it in nature or in the soul. We have said, it is as little reverential to Him to disparage nature as revelation; we add, it is as impious to abuse the soul as either; for whose growth both were ordained. God is the inspirer of reason and conscience, nor can in his word contradict Himself by denying their immediate perceptions, or torturing them with absurd dogmas and unrighteous commands. Nay, they must fain interpret and accept all of his word which remains not a blank. And if He will not enslave these glorious powers by his own action, far less does He allow to some of his creatures the privilege of spiritual domination over others. To this domination we implore of Him an end. Surely God Himself will never make a subject of the soul, for thus He would contravene his own purpose, and abdicate his own glory. For where is the great glory of his power? Is it in the laying down of this vast platform of material splendor? or in the inspiring of free souls to grow forever in knowledge, and excellence, and likeness to Himself? From this free expansion all virtue, humility, worship, love, derives its charm. What spectacle is comparable to that of the soul's offer to God of its voluntary worship, self-devotion, and love!

Is it asked, what shall be done in case of a contradiction between the written word and the soul? They, whose superstition would falsely exalt the Bible, and they whose spiritualism would break its authoritative hold, may equally create such contradiction; but in a true interpretation no contradiction exists. The Bible contradicts not man's reason, conscience, and love, but only his passion, disobedience, and alienation from God, his conceit, and vanity, and folly. When he reads the precepts of the sacred page he confesses, he resolves; and lowliness gathers over his frame and features, as he scans those other lines, he wrote not, on the fleshly tables of his heart. Thus an exclusive supernaturalism chokes the three great sources and "sacred rivers" of religious information, — Nature, Revelation, and the Soul. Nature's great mass ministers to bodily sense, but, as if to show the mind's immense superiority, stands for its instruction alone. Revelation explains nature's "dark parables," and the soul supplies infinite thoughts

and monitions, that shine down through her firmament from the "Father of lights." "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder."

But rationalism also is made exclusive and extreme. Reason must have the reading of everything offered for her acceptance, and judge of its origin and use. Even the document sealed as divine, it must study and interpret, draw forth in its pure meaning, from the circumstances of history and the "respect of persons," compare it with nature's "elder Scripture," and with the "law written in the heart," while from the whole examination it infers the divine will to apply to all the relations of life. But when the mind says, that, setting aside the pleading of God's authority, it can supply all its needs from its own resources, we must deem this a false and hurtful rationalism. Its first fault is, that it ascribes too much to the mind's power of abstract perception. There are first principles, which the mind, well developed, must perceive in its own light, or not at all,—intuitions of the true, right, good, beautiful,—the infinite, absolute, perfect, God;—though these we doubtless see not in their essence, but through spiritual media. The mind, well developed, must perceive too in itself the obligation to seek the true, obey the right, love the good, admire the beautiful, worship God; though how generally, without revelation, both classes of these perceptions have been sadly dim, we need not say,—that is, how seldom, without revelation, the mind has been well developed. But there is a further step, in which, whatever some may claim, most intelligent and spiritually minded persons confess their intuitions at fault. What is the divine intention respecting the soul He has so richly endowed? Is its fate bound up with that of its material companion, or shall it mount over the ruins of its house of clay? This fact in futurity the mind's intuition cannot see,—for minds, the illuminations of the world, aver they have not seen it. As we have already said, powerful *arguments* may be made for a future life, all whose links clear heads in severe thought may trace,—though here again minds transcended by none have confessed themselves at a loss. But skepticism from the time of the old Sadducees has brought up no despicable arguments on the other side. On other questions too, as we have before intimated, reason has greatly stumbled,—such as the conditions of the divine forgiveness, the perfect law of morals, the supreme good of the soul, and the highest idea of

character,— questions, which, anxiously debated by the finest spirits of all ages, we must think it worthy of God to settle by a revelation. If, indeed, as some would claim, intuition is to the mind what the eye is to the body, a revelation of truth is no more requisite than a revelation of geography. And here is one melancholy implication of the view we oppose, that it makes a revelation from God superfluous, and, if He has given one, charges Him with supererogation and vain repetition. It makes Christianity “much ado about nothing,” — language which, however it may be shrunk from, is not without its parallel.

But if intuition and simple argument fail, on many points, to satisfy the mind, what does philosophy, in the large sense, accomplish? Philosophy is an honorable name. The soul is greatly in her debt. Inseparable from religion and morality, she gives their doctrines and precepts a stable foundation in the mind. The Greek philosophy has well been called, like the Jewish law, a school-master to bring men to Christ. Yet philosophy, so called, has often ostentatiously questioned the great truths of religion. And there is a philosophy, wise in its own conceit, a foolish gnosticism, troubling the Church not only in its early times, but ever since, which carries the soul away from that very sense of humility and weakness, out of which the incense of worship ascends. “Ignorance is” not “the mother of devotion;” but man and angel will ever be taught by the knowledge of their ignorance to adore. And what is philosophy doing now? We thank her for precious contributions, made with reverent hand, as she bowed before the Incomprehensible, to the altar of God. But in her late attempt to dispense with all helps but of her own analysis, what has been the result? Verily another tower of Babel, and another confusion of tongues. It is in Germany that the great problems have been most patiently grappled. Every succeeding system, we are willing to be assured, is a monument of intellectual ingenuity; but who will reconcile for us the sharp disputes and amazing inconsistencies of each one with nearly all the rest? The quarrels of sects are magnified by the rationalist and skeptic. But have any or all the recent systems of this philosophy made any comparable approach to spreading the unity of faith and feeling on any religious truth, which Christianity, among millions, through ages, has spread on all great religious truths? Truly it was not a senseless

warning which Bacon, the great author of the modern philosophical method, gives against philosophy invading the peculiar province of religion. Truly Paul's text has not spent its force, in which he puts his converts on their guard, lest any man should "spoil them through philosophy." Philosophy, when modest, is a good helpmate of religion; but when she would conquer the world of truth, and by grace allow such province as she will to religion, she seems smitten with penal blindness, and inarticulate speech. One reason why her high-vaulting ambition has overleaped itself is, that, by the entirely disproportionate speculative action of the intellect, she has broken the healthy balance of the mind. Truth has been defined the harmony of the divine attributes. The greatest truth we can reach, then, lies in the largest proportion of our powers. What, like the doctrine and sanction of Christianity, has moved the springs of spiritual integrity?

We here touch on the second error of rationalism in its extreme, — that it cultivates one or more faculties at the expense of others. The mind is a unity with various powers, as the life is a unity with many organs. To think one or two powers will help our progress better than all, is like thinking we could best walk or work with part only of the muscular system. The intuition of first principles lays a sure foundation of knowledge. But we have also observation, understanding, memory, reflection, generalization; and the defects of our own experience we supply from others' testimony. Much of the evidence for Christianity is in the nature of testimony; it is not strange one who thinks lightly of testimony, should think lightly of Christianity. Now all these powers bear their warrant with them; so God has made us. It is impiety to despise our own frame, — high treason to break the commission of any faculty; the unfolding of all is the idea of the perfect man. But some have mutilated the mind, and made intuition itself false, because overstrained, — while in this monstrous development they glory, and accuse dissenters from them as intellectually depraved. Alas, the insane know not their insanity, but think the sober insane, — so is it with the unbalanced mind. Hence many have mournfully launched, — we speak with unfeigned sorrow, — into abysses of vanity, arrogance, contempt, folly; into a furious intolerance, while complaining of others' intolerance; into unworthy inuendoes, while enjoying the magnanimity of truth; into bitter sneers, while extolling the supremacy

of love. At such times words must be plain. Liberality must not be basely transmuted into courtly dealing, into a soft-lipped, assenting, acquiescing politeness, — into a cowardly dread lest disapproval of sin should be called persecution for opinion's sake, — into a craven shunning of explicitness in the expression of conviction, — into any mode of preferring a compliment to the truth. We are not ashamed to say we withhold not a warm esteem from some who might smile at all our views; but we must strive to make our picture true. We are prepared to believe what so many have said of our living in an extraordinary age. Never was the consideration of moral law so paramount, in "open vision," as now. But our conscience seems slightly crazed. Some, instead of acting rigorously out the monitions of conscience, turn ever round to a sickly toying with the sense of duty. And how many prefer to use the outer rather than the inner side of that two-edged sword, God has put in every spirit, — in blows of vengeance, instead of smittings of self-reproach. It is indeed to the partial culture, on which we have remarked, that we seem to owe the vigor and brilliance, we readily admit in much of the religious literature of the day. It derives strength from narrowness, and a certain life from disease. It shows splendid prismatic hues, but not the white beam of the sun; or, to vary the figure, the sharp blaze of the morning, without the comprehensive light of day. It is highly poetic, — much of its prose being poetry, to which intuition so much contributes. Much of it in the theological strain has indeed no want of a kind of method in its madness; and while in style, mystical, vague, transient, glancing from topic to topic, it draws in objectionable matter and unproved conclusions in a clause, a parenthesis, or a hint; thus rendering them irrefutable, because unassailable in their giddy and misty position. It often shows not the respect to established opinion of stating why it differs, or of clearly laying open its own grounds. A distinguished foreigner once predicted, that youthful irreverence would be one danger in the career of our new country. The prophecy is fulfilled. We are devoured with conceit; in some of its specimens incredible. We know there are obstinate and prejudiced persons, who can give no reason for the faith that is in them, in the conservative part of society, but must think the most glaring faults are among the extreme innovators, and that there is no fear of any established institution or professional class being spoiled by flattery.

We are, however, in no alarm as to the issue. Better storm than stagnancy. Those waters heal which are stirred. Moreover we dread practical heresy far more than theoretical, — and are more concerned about the fate of men than Christianity.

Withal the prevailing Transcendentalism is not without a good influence. It breaks up spiritual slumber and dead formalism, while its own vices are of a spiritual cast. When its crude exaggeration is spent, it may leaven the whole lump. It possesses two distinct classes of minds, — the ideal and the superficial. The first live in it as in their native element; and they need to cultivate the practical traits of observation, clear reasoning, and real sympathy with their fellow-men. The second conscientiously conceive of it as a needful supplement to their merely practical thoughts and affections; the subsiding turbulence will give them fertility. Let us not leave our criticism of the faults of individuals narrow and unjust, by not confessing the purity and piety of other individuals, or of the same. Though we blame their excesses, and oppose their principles as they state them, we like no more than they, arbitrary or conventional views in religion, and trust whatever evil may be laid at their door, their mission will be to spiritualize the too hard and literal Christianity that is common, and make the religion of Jesus a truer and more sanctifying principle to many souls.

The last error we shall mention of an extreme rationalism is its total unfitness to the mass of mankind; which alone must forever prevent its taking the place of the New Testament. A few, by the force of spiritual genius and refined culture, may reach the rapt and blissful state, where they breathe an ever lucid atmosphere in their own thought. And many more, always as now, will weakly pretend to have reached it. Numbers will lose health of mind and moral soundness by this affectation. Some will delight to find in startling doctrines a vent for their native pride and daring, and love of notoriety. Still others, by mere preponderance of speculation, will leave their affections untrained, and their passions a howling waste. Have we not seen, that a man may understand and describe the whole nature of religion in history and the human mind, yet be "to every good work reprobate?" But *mankind* in their instability, pine for an authority they can respect, to lean upon. In daily thanks from countless altars, the great heart of hu-

manity confesses, that in the Gospel its wants are met. A principle of loyalty too, stirs, never extinct, in the human breast, and God through Christ, gives men a glorious law for their allegiance, blending with the command within, and leading to true freedom; gives them in their doubt, toil, pain, grief, a resource. Well for those whose mountain stands strongest, if they never need this resource, — if in the power of human wisdom alone, they can breast the waves of trouble, and stand with untrembling heart by the side of their friends' graves, and on the brink of their own! If *they* can, *mankind* cannot. They need, more than the abstract systems that have often so little ruled their framers, even the living truth, as it is in Jesus. The concrete engages their attention, the formal takes hold of their affection, the symbolic interests their imagination, the authoritative moves their will. So the Creator has made them. Let but the doctrine, form, symbol, authority, be true, expressive, beautiful, just, such as we have under the seal of God. It is sometimes said to be harder to decide on the claims of a revelation than to learn the whole will of God from within. This is a question of fact and of numbers, which need not be argued. And when we consider, that the Bible was not written for ingenious minds, but for all God's children, we respect what may be called the plain, obvious sense of Scripture, as containing every important element of truth.

In fine, true rationalism and spiritualism, with a true supernaturalism, agree. Rationalism welcomes the supernatural, for one element of the human mind is a love of the superhuman and expectation of the miraculous, which therefore amazes it not when amazing it the most, especially when it finds the teachings of miracle cordially harmonizing with its best thoughts, anticipations, and desires. So a true supernaturalism affirms, the divine miracles were not designed for overwhelming portents, but for the soul's edification in all faith, virtue, and joy. Thus both these great influences, free from the hostility in which some have narrowly placed them, conspire to help on the soul to that world, where it will no more need the remedial dispensations here so mercifully vouchsafed; but where, in the presence of its God, it shall see as it is seen, and know as it is known.

C. A. B.

ART. V. — *Monaldi: A Tale.* By W. ALLSTON. Boston: Little & Brown. 1841. 12mo. pp. 253.

How many, unacquainted with the minor graceful effusions from the same mind, will take up this volume from an unmingled feeling of curiosity to see how the first painter of the age will write! How many, to whom the author's name speaks only of his favorite art, and who know nothing of him beyond what they have learned from his pencil, will here seek to read something of the man! And who can write, without pouring something of his own true nature even through the very pages, where he delineates characters most unlike his own, and describes scenes, in which he could never have been an actor? We believe that they who lay down *Monaldi*, thrilling with its intense interest, will feel that its spirit is in harmony with that which breathes from the other productions of the same right hand, as they glow and speak to us from the canvass. The same order of intellect and taste is revealed in all. It is high, it is imaginative. The genius of Allston deals both with the strong and the beautiful qualities of our nature. It gives us vice in all its repulsiveness, without soiling our imaginations with its grossness; and it gives us beauty and virtue in all their quiet natural loveliness, as if the atmosphere in which they abide were its true home.

We have been particularly struck with finding on Allston's page, as usually on his canvass, so few characters. We like this trait of family resemblance between his various works, as such; and as indicating a peculiarity and consistency. This paucity of characters in the tale before us does not suggest any thought of meagre invention, or want of power to deal with a more numerous "dramatis personæ." It gives a simplicity to the production, which is in itself a grace; and the manner in which the characters and fates of these few individuals are sketched and wrought up into a tale that rivets the reader, and, — which is the glory of the whole, — leaves him with its solemn moral vibrating through his soul, is worthy of the master's hand. We know that the great and long anticipated picture now stealing slowly forth from the recesses of his soul in sacred solitude, its birth unmarked by profane eyes, is of a totally different character; but who that looks on his smaller paintings can wish another face, or form, or object introduced? Who

that reads *Monaldi* will not feel that a single character more must have been superfluous, and would have marred the whole? The passions with which the plot is woven are of the novelist's time-honored stock; for naught else but the passions, that have been human since the world began, can the writer of fiction use. Love and Jealousy, the most commonplace of all materials for highly wrought fiction, especially when the scene is laid in Southern Europe, seem to be the very warp and woof of this tale. But our author has something higher in view than illustrations of these Protean but common sentiments. The shadows which lie so deep on the creatures of his fancy, and darken into so gloomy a catastrophe, fall from the clouds of passion and sin; Love and Jealousy mingle only partially with them their own changeful sunlight and gloom. Selfishness, running into despotism over the whole man, absolutely swaying one who scarcely suspects himself its slave, giving terrible force to every impulse of a violent nature, is here the parent of many of the worst horrors. The envy of him whose selfish ambition has been withered by disappointment, and the recklessness of a hardened libertine, showing how the soul is blighted by sensuality, — these work out the misery of the innocent as well as their own fearful retribution.

The two principal persons of the tale were, in their boyhood, schoolmates and friends. One — *Maldura* — is distinguished by talents and success while pursuing his studies, urged on by the thirst for praise, and burning to win admiration rather than any solid good. The other — *Monaldi* — is unambitious, modest, loving all things worthy for their own sakes, and unvisited by distinction in this early literary career. These two beings, so unlike in much that appears and much that lies hid in the bosom, in outward lot and inward motive, form a mutual attachment, and as observation of early intimacies shows us, not an unnatural one on account of these differences. And what follows is that which frequently occurs in real life; for who can predict of the collegian what his standing and literary reputation shall be in after life? — The friends part as they enter the world, and are still more completely separated by the unexpected reversal of their destinies. The ambitious *Maldura* aims at being the celebrated man of letters; but the glittering star which had seemed to shine over his youth, so full of promise, fades suddenly. He is astounded and overwhelmed by a total failure. Accustomed, as he had been in his earlier studies,

to distinction, loving it with a selfish love above all things else, ignorant that the world without or within can offer any substitute either in active benevolence or noble self-discipline, mortified and soured, he leads an objectless and obscure life.

In the mean time, the pure-minded, unambitious Monaldi, obeying the genuine dictates of his soul, becomes a painter. He loves his profession for its own sake, and becomes eminent. Fame and prosperity come to him unsought, but cannot spoil him. Love, too, weaves a rosy chaplet for one whose affections are mingled with no base alloy, and he marries the very woman who had rejected the suit of Maldura because she could not love him. Well it was for her that she could not, for it must be sad for a tender and single-hearted woman to bestow her whole affections on the worldly wise, who give but half a heart at best in requital. The selfish eye of Maldura had marked many advantages which would attend a union with Rosalia. Her image was not alone in its loveliness before him, but surrounded by phantoms of greatness and distinction which lured him no less.

Monaldi knows nothing of his friend's disappointment. After years of separation he finds him in utter obscurity, and soon loses sight of him again. At last, from the lips of a stranger, Maldura learns that Monaldi, the painter, whose fame has long filled him with surprise, anger, and envy, is the happy husband of Rosalia Landi. And now the narrow soul becomes filled with bitterness. The nature which grows not better as years roll on, must grow worse, and so it had been with the sullen misanthrope. He was now capable of that from which he would once have shrunk, for his power of hating had been cultivated, and his disappointed, hopeless selfishness, bursting once more into action, prompts him like a demon. With the most refined cruelty, he aims not at the life of either of the happy pair, but at their domestic bliss, their mutual confidence, the life of their pure affections. He employs a noted profligate, from whose soul all purity, humanity, and goodness of every kind had been eaten out by sensuality ; and with their diabolical stratagems they succeed too well. The loving and sensitive artist is deceived and wrought into a fury of jealousy. He poinards his innocent wife, and then assured of her innocence by her own lips as the life blood streams from her bosom, he rushes from his house and the haunts of men, a pitiable maniac. This is beyond all the misery which Maldura himself had devised or designed to inflict. He is struck with horror and compunction,

which bring into his bosom more torture than he had meant for others. Suddenly, however, he learns that Rosalia's wound had not been mortal; surgical skill had saved her life, but Monaldi is no more to be found. A part of Maldura's wo is removed, but he still wanders wretched through Italy, till he unexpectedly finds the poor wretch whom he had driven to insanity. He lavishes every care upon his victim, and believing that reason has returned, sends for Rosalia. She arrives with her father. Maldura himself communicates to his friend the fact, that she lives, and urged on by the irresistible bidding of a roused conscience, tells the story of his own baseness. This scene is wrought up with great power. No sooner does the knowledge of his friend's guilt flash upon the mind of Monaldi, than a fatal paroxysm ensues, his reason is hopelessly dethroned, and the punishment of Maldura is complete. Rosalia, in the saddest species of widowhood, passes the remainder of her days near the husband whom even a ruined intellect cannot compel her to desert.

The scene of these events being laid in Italy, we find passion more intense and action more violent than may seem probable to us, dwellers under a colder sky. But we know that the annals of domestic life, in that beautiful, ill-fated country, are as full of tragedy as her political history; and we bring no charge of extravagance against the author of this highly wrought tale. That it would be wholesome for any mind to indulge freely in such reading we cannot believe. It would be like the rich spices in the daily food of the epicure.

But we have much for which to thank Mr. Allston. We thank him not only for the pleasure he has given us, but for something better. He has given us a book which has a distinct and obvious moral object. It is meant to inculcate a useful, a religious lesson, and it does so. Would that the press had no power to send out any work which had not this blessing upon it! so should the deluge of tales and romances abate not a little, and those who waste their time and sensibilities on this species of literature would read with less injury.

There is a beautiful spirit pervading the work, uttering itself in many detached sentiments, which show the author's observation of human nature, and the heart with which he regards it. But this spirit is most completely given to us in the character of the heroine; and we think it no small thing to have before us an Allston's conception of *moral* female loveliness! Ro-

salia is to us captivating beyond most of her sisters in the fairy-land of romance. Her innocence stands out in fine contrast with the depravity of Fialto, her disinterestedness with the horrid selfishness of Maldura, and above all her confiding unsuspectingness with the jealousy of her husband. She is too pure and too trusting even to suspect that she is suspected — how natural in such stainless virtue ! We cannot refrain from giving one beautiful out-pouring of her conjugal affection, as an illustration of her whole angelic character.

“ I have sometimes thought,” said Rosalia, “ and I hope without pride, that the very bad would not know such bliss ; nay, a love, like mine. For, could I love thee so, pure and exalted as thou art, did I love evil ? I could not ; I should then love myself and thee only as ministering to my selfishness. No ! the love I bear thee is but the effluence of thy virtues given back to myself ; and it seems to elevate me, to refine my heart for the love of Him who is purest, best, — who is Goodness.”

These are not the sentiments of love as a passion, which, even when hallowed by nuptial bond and benediction, is no honor to woman. She, who finds them echoed from her own bosom, may trust the test and feel that hers is a heart worthy of a good man’s acceptance. How far removed from the spirit expressed in

“ I know not, I ask not, if guilt’s in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art ! ”

We thank Mr. Allston too for having shunned all modern affectations in style, all mingling of half-German jargon with pure English, all mysticism and idle speculation, which it is often our hard lot to find where we least looked for them. And the religion, virtue, excellence, that he would hold up to us, are of that simple, practical beauty, which we have understood so clearly, revered so truly, loved so dearly from our childhood ; such as we find taught in the Scriptures, and set forth in the life and lessons of Jesus, the very opposite of all unregulated instinct, impulse, and passion. With him religion is “ the only unchanging source of moral harmony ; ” — “ the vital faith which mingles with every thought and foreruns every action, ever looking through time to their fruits in eternity ; ” — “ the thirst for what is spiritual, for what belongs to the dim and distant future, preparing in the hour of peace for the hour of temptation.”

We can bring beautiful evidence that we are only doing our Author justice, from his own description of Rosalia, a sketch worthy of serious attention and admiration. She is no commonplace novel-heroine whom any school girl may imitate, made up of roses and ringlets, useless sensibilities, and unrestrained enthusiasm, the creature of circumstance or emotion.

"The character of Rosalia was of that nice mixture of softness and firmness which makes the perfection of Woman. The first she derived from nature, the last was the result of principle; and while from the one she was open to every impression of the affections, the regular watchfulness of the other effectually guarded her from all that would not stand its scrutiny. This moral subordination, or just balance between sense and sensibility, not unfrequently subjected her with superficial observers to the imputation of coldness. But hers was the coldness of her better judgment, only occasional and always with a purpose. When her heart was open and with the sanction of her principles, the whole woman gave way at once. It was no doubt the consciousness of this prodigal self-abandonment of the heart, that led her to seek a less fallacious guide than her own sanguine impulses. Happily her father's instructions here came to her aid, and as Landi was a man of sincere piety, it may be readily inferred that the guide she found in them was religion. Hence that high standard of excellence by which she was accustomed to measure all who approached her."

This is indeed the true "perfection of woman." Let us be grateful to one who spares us all minute description of his heroine's form and complexion, to paint the inner beauty of her soul, and then presents a species of moral loveliness which is far from dazzling at once, but which wins upon us, as it would in real life, more and more as we contemplate it. To excite, to be excited, seems in these days to be woman's burning desire, her sole conception of spiritual progress. Let us pray our young countrywomen to study this portrait of calm, dignified, exquisite grace, gleaming upon us in a heavenly light — yet not so etherialized as to be unfit for the earth to which it belongs. And let them copy it as they can.

How far this Tale may be successful in the common acceptance of the word, we know not. It is very unlike the favorites of the day. Allston and Dickens, for instance, are luminaries that move in orbits far apart, yet there are many who may love the light of both; may, and must. We think the literature of this century is strongly marked by variety. There is no com-

mon standard, no Johnsonian or Addisonian model in style; no solitary literary autocrat, like the Edinburgh Review in days of yore, whose awful decisions seal the author's fate, and decide public opinion without a chance for appeal. Every man who takes up the pen chooses matter and manner for himself, without reference to any arbitrary rules; so does every woman, we might add. The "republic of letters" is becoming a ramping democracy. We have works in which the good old parts of speech need have the riot act read to them, and these are becoming classics. Readers of all tastes are fed abundantly from the evertailing press. Among so many rivals we doubt whether Monaldi will be what is called popular, though it be full of power and interest, and win the praise of those whose praise is best worth having. It presents nothing in aspects new as they are true, as human nature appeared to us in *Oliver Twist*; nor is it of the strictly practical character, which has given such a "run" to some excellent productions on our own side of the water. Yet we may be agreeably disappointed. Who can watch the vane of popularity and wisely predict its veerings? They are as capricious and apparently lawless as the streamings of the Aurora.

In descriptions of scenery—Italian scenery—our artist author is indeed at home, and we feel it a privilege to read all he may introduce of such description, as well as all that has reference to paintings and painters. In sentiment, we find but one passage that compels us to express a dissent, if we understand him aright. He has been giving us a beautiful touch of nature, where, on Monaldi's recovery from his first attack of insanity, his attendants are melted to tears on seeing him once more "open his eyes and speak through them like an intelligent being;" although they were strangers, and might "in other circumstances have been tempted to cheat, slander, or betray the very object of their present compassion." Mr. Allston says, "whether this feeling be called virtuous or not, it is not to be relied on as any evidence of goodness. There is nothing indeed deserving the name, that is not equally so under all circumstances." What an immense proportion of the good that we look upon daily would this strike out! How sadly changed and darkened would be our views of the nature God has given his creatures, if the outbreaks of kindly sympathy and right feeling, which we find so often among the erring, give us no true indication of what that nature is when unassailed by strong or immediate temptation.

We know that the highest virtue is that which, "when opposed to our interest, triumphs over self;" but to deny the name of goodness to all which is spontaneous, springing up in quiet moments when the heart acts freely, to bestow it only on the strong principle, the mighty excellence, which always conquers in the battle with ever-besetting evil, this seems to us a comfortless and unjust scale. It is not consistent with our author's usually cheerful, kind, and right views. We have been accustomed to derive special encouragement, satisfaction, and an augmentation of our religious confidence and charity, from the good deeds done and good impulses manifested even by bad men. They do not prove such to be good men, and cannot stand in the place of habitually virtuous lives; but as far as they go, we must certainly consider them as marks of goodness somewhere; — we are inclined to believe, in man, as well as in God.

The tale has a graceful introduction and conclusion; brief as such portions of any work should be, but worthy of separate mention, for in the former we find one of the most powerful specimens of our author's genius. Monaldi in his madness paints a picture which is described in the introduction, and awakens in us a thrilling interest; the spell is upon us even before we read a single page of the tale itself. It is difficult to forbear extracting this description, not only on account of its wonderful power, but of its mighty moral, its warning against the fearful attractiveness and monstrous tyranny of Sin. But we do forbear, for we would fain hope it is needless to quote what so many will read in its own place.

We conclude our remarks with the renewed expression of our joy, that one, whose name is to be honored after his gifted hand is mingled with the dust, has wielded both pencil and pen only in ministering to some of the highest and purest tastes of our nature, that he has shown to the world his fine genius seeking to satisfy its aspirations among the spiritualities which Christianity unfolds, doing the homage that becomes him to Truth, Religion, and God.

S. J. H.

ART. VI. — *Two Discourses on the Nature and Province of Natural, Revealed, and Experimental Religion*. By ORVILLE DEWEY, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York. New York: David Felt & Co. 1841. 8vo. pp. 32.

BELIEVING that the philosophy of the filial heart is higher and of infinitely more worth than that of the doubting head, we rejoice in the expression of simple, childlike faith, by one whom the world will not easily suspect either of having been awed into the popular belief, or of believing one thing, and preaching and printing another. We have been refreshed and strengthened by reading these sermons. It gladdens us to know that one, who has stood so prominent among the champions of liberty and progress in religion, retains so firm an attachment to that basis of miracle and inspiration, on which alone, as we think, Christianity can rest. These Discourses recognise the distinction between Natural and Revealed Religion, the insufficiency of the former of itself both as to doctrine and evidence, and man's deep need of an express and authoritative revelation from the Author of his being. They are so rich in just and striking thought, that to give a fair analysis of them would be to reprint them entire. We will therefore content ourselves with a couple of extracts for the benefit of those of our readers into whose hands the pamphlet has not fallen. We quote first a sound and logical critique upon the vague way, in which it has of late become fashionable to talk and write of *intuition* as the sole basis of faith. The author has been illustrating the old *a posteriori* argument for the existence of a designing first cause from the marks of design in creation. He adds ;—

“ Some persons of late, have taken upon them, to repudiate this argument from design, — and indeed all *argument* in the case. They say we have an *intuition of God*, or we have no knowledge of him any way.

“ But what now is the province of intuition? How far does it extend? What facts does it embrace? I cannot tell what other men's intuition is, but I will tell you what mine is. I know not what a *German* intuition may see, but I know what mine sees. I see, — that is, I perceive with certainty, what I experience, — no more. My intuition embraces the facts of

my consciousness, — nothing beyond. But my experience is not God. The facts of my consciousness are not God, — except according to some Pantheister dreaming. And therefore to say that I have an immediate intuition of God, is an absolute contradiction of ideas; it is to use language without any intelligible meaning.

“This conclusion can be evaded only by setting up a new definition of intuition. If intuition be equivalent to consciousness, it is plain that, strictly speaking, I can be conscious of nothing but what passes within me. If intuition refers to what is self-evident or certain, we are brought to the same conclusion. For nothing is certain to me, nothing is self-evident, but what I perceive, feel, know in myself. The ‘first truths,’ as they are called, — that is to say, the axioms, whether of Morals or of the Mathematics, are of this character. That benevolence is right; that two and two make four; that the whole is more than a part, — these axioms are nothing but descriptions of the state of my own mind. And by this circle, — that is, by the circle of my experience, to *my* apprehension, all absolute certainty is bounded.

“I have indeed the fullest belief in things out of this circle. I have the fullest belief in the being of a God. But I cannot say that I have an intuition of God. The truth, that he is, is not given me by consciousness, nor is it any way a self-evident truth. The being of a God is correlative to my consciousness, is implied by my consciousness, but it is surely no part of my consciousness.

“In short, between my intuition and the being of a God, there is a step of evidence. What I perceive in myself, what I see around me too, evinces by the plainest reasoning the existence of a moral and intelligent Creator. This old way of proceeding, this process of reasoning, is held by some to be quite unsatisfactory. They say it proves that there is a Creator of this world, but does not prove that he is God; this Creator may have been himself created. Grant it for argument's sake. Then this chain of causes must at length bring us to the Supreme Cause. But this hypercriticism does not disturb me. The Being who made me and made the world, to *me* is God. The rejectors of this way of reasoning, of the logical method, call it logic-grinding, and material philosophy, and I know not what; and claim to be in possession of a more spiritual philosophy. If they had said of a more mystical, I must think they would have adopted a more appropriate word. For in truth, they ought to maintain, as I conceive, that they have discovered a new faculty in the mind, — unknown to all former philoso-

phy ; and that is a faculty which takes as certain a cognizance of things without the mind, as consciousness takes of things in the mind. Intuitive seeing with them, instead of being confined within the modest bounds assigned to it by all former philosophy, penetrates through the universe and reaches the Supreme Cause at a glance." — pp. 10, 11.

We know not how, in justice to our readers, to shorten the following extract upon the authenticity, importance, and religious uses of the Christian miracles. We would that the sober, earnest sentiments of these paragraphs might be well weighed by those, who are beginning to think lightly of the alleged seal of the Almighty, and to resolve Christianity into a mere system of Naturalism, wrought out by a mind of singular purity and power.

"Something that is *called* miracle, it must be admitted at the least, is found in the New Testament. What is it? Certainly, it is something very wonderful; to all appearance it touches the very order of nature; so it strikes the minds of the astonished beholders; and they say, 'since the world was, it hath not been heard that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind,' and 'we know that thou art a teacher come from God; because no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him;' and our Saviour does not reject this conclusion, but admits it as true. What then, I say again, is this thing that is done? And I must confess that I know not what to think of the state of that mind which, professing to receive the religion, can say that the conclusion was all a mistake; that the thing done was a miracle only to the ignorance of the people; that there was no departure from the order of nature; that the sick were healed, and the dead raised, by the vitality of some powers of which we are ignorant; that the reality of a miracle cannot be admitted. This way of thinking, in one who professes to reverence Christianity and its Founder, is to me utterly incomprehensible. It would drive me farther from all religion, from all faith. If such things can be permitted; if such delusions can be effected under the government of God, I should distrust the very evidence of natural religion. If I did not believe in the miracles with *my* view of the matter, — I should not only be no Christian, but in a fair way to be no religionist of any sort.

"But once more, and in fine, if these are admitted to be veritable miracles, to be what they profess to be, then I cannot understand how they should be lightly regarded; how their im-

portance should be decried or diminished or spoken of with indifference or scorn. What if natural religion *can* stand without them? What if they do *not* prove that we ought to love God or to love one another? What if they address, and therefore presuppose, as most certainly they do, a natural reverence and religion in the human heart? Is it nothing that such a communication is made? — a miraculous communication, or a communication sealed by miracles? Is it anything less than a most amazing and delightful fact? Suppose that miracle added nothing to natural religion in any way, — nothing either of light or of confirmation; suppose that it was merely a seal which it had pleased the Almighty Being to set upon the excellence of Jesus Christ and the importance of his teachings; would it not be unspeakably precious? A voice from the infinite silence! — an interposition, breaking through the staid uniformity of nature, to express the paternal interest which heaven takes in our welfare! — what could be more interesting?

“Nay, it is precisely the manifestation that the cultivated mind of the world needs, and for which, in fact, it was reserved. It is often referred, I know, for its proper sphere, to dark and ignorant times. But I deny that position. I maintain that miracle is especially needed by enlightened ages. Among rude savage tribes there has always been a sufficient disposition to believe in unseen powers, and to invest them with personality. But as nations emerge from barbarism, a contrary tendency often manifests itself. Speculations, philosophies, falsely so called, come in, — subtle questionings about the nature of God, — vague, mystic, pantheistic dreamings, — doubts about the care and watch of Providence, — principles that sap the foundations of all public and private virtue and happiness. This was very much the character of all Grecian and Roman refinement, when Christ appeared. Something of this has been breaking out from time to time ever since, — marking periods of rash speculation and immature thought, — and it was likely in particular, to reveal itself in the first outburst of a nation's literature, like that of Germany. There was, therefore, special need of a miraculous manifestation in the time of Christ; and I shall venture to add, that German Naturalism stands in the same need now, of the very faith which it denies. The very state of the German mind, in this respect, is an argument with me, for the miraculous element in the Christian system. Nor, is this necessity for interposition a mere imagination of my own. Wise men have often declared themselves predisposed and quite ready to believe, for instance, in the reappearance of the dead, or in any positive manifestations

from the unseen world, because they have thought that some thing like this was necessary to break in upon the all-imprisoning materialism of society. But this very office is performed for the world, once for all, by the miracles of Christianity. They have spread through all the Christian times a sense of God's paternal interest in his creatures, and of 'the powers of the world to come;' they have struck the heart of the world, even as did the miraculous rod of old, the barren rock; and living waters have flowed, and living verdure has spread its beauty over the track of ages; whereas had religion been left in the hands of the Grecian philosophy, I am persuaded, it would have died away into vague and unfruitful abstractions, and the wastes of death would have overspread the intervening centuries; and we now had been comparatively 'without hope and without God in the world.' Let me not be told that there had still been left, without the miracles, the purity of the Gospel, and the loveliness of the Christ, to touch the heart. They would have been disputable the moment they came into contact with actual life; they would have been doubtful, the moment they touched upon the questions, — what regard and relation has God to us? — and what has he in reserve for us hereafter, or whether he has anything in reserve? — they would have had no seal nor sanction but our own opinion; they would have been subject to every man's construction of their propriety and utility; one would have thought the Christ too sad; another, too strict; another, too limited and Jewish; and all this purity of the Gospel and this loveliness of the Christ, and all the admiration for them, would have dwindled and faded away, as it often has done, into vague reveries and fine sentiments. It would have been like the admiration of Rousseau, — compatible with utter infidelity and unquestionable vices. There are words of Christ, concerning selfishness, concerning pride, concerning revenge, concerning marriage and the general relation of the sexes, which must *not* be taken for anything less than words of authority; which *must not be subject to any transcendental revision*; if they are, the very strength, — the very bone and muscle, if I may speak so, — the very heart of the system is gone!

"I know it is often said, 'what great harm is there about this system of Naturalism? There are many beautiful things in it. What great harm is there in rejecting the miracles? The substance of Gospel truth and love is left. What need is there of looking so very seriously upon a man, — though he does assail your faith in a divine interposition?'

"I judge no man's heart; but I will tell you the state of my

own. Very seriously I must look at this question, at any rate. For I feel deep in my heart and whole being, the need of such a faith; I must confess that the teaching of nature is too general to satisfy the wants of my mind; and that the revealings of my mind, again, are too doubtful and defective for the needed reliance. I am ignorant; I am weak; I am sinful; I am struggling with many difficulties; the conflict is hard, — it seems too hard for me at times; and nature around me, moves on, meanwhile, in calm uniformity, as if it did not mind me, and as if its Author did not regard the dread warfare that is going on within me. The universe lies around me, like a bright sea of boundless fluctuations, — studded with starry isles indeed, but swept by clouds of obscurity, — and whither it is tending and where it is bearing me, I know not. I feel at times as if I were wrapped with an infinite envelopment of mystery; and I ask, with almost heart-breaking desire, for some voice to come forth from the great realm of silence, and speak to me. I say, 'Oh! that the great Being who made the universe, would for once touch, as no hand but his can touch, the *springs* of this all-encompassing, mysterious ORDER, and say to me, in the sublime pause, — in the cleft of these dread mountain heights of the universe, — say to me, I love thee; I will care for thee; I will save thee; I will bear thee beyond the world-barrier, the rent vail of death and the sealed tomb, away, away, — to blessed regions on high, — there to live forever!'

"It has COME! — to my faith, that very word has come, in the mission of Christ." — pp. 15 — 19.

The leading theological question of the present times is that of *authority*; and to the discussion of this we now invite our readers. This is, we say, the leading question; for in our view all others seem insignificant in comparison with it. The Trinitarian controversy was one of great and acknowledged moment, amply worthy of the array of talent and eloquence that was witnessed on either side. The controversy concerning the atonement, which has to a great degree taken the place of the former, is of even higher importance, involving, as it does, the terms of man's forgiveness and salvation. But in these controversies, both parties have acknowledged a common tribunal of final appeal, — both have referred to the authority of Christ and his apostles as plenary and conclusive. The questions raised have been merely those of interpretation. They have been precisely such questions as, in secular matters, are

constantly agitated before our courts of justice, by parties who appeal to the same statute books, to the same decisions and precedents, and who therefore, though they interpret some points differently, agree in many more respects than those in which they differ. But suppose there comes into court a cosmopolite, who denies the supremacy of the law of the land, and the authority of past decisions and precedents, and seeks to plead his cause on his own views of abstract right and intrinsic fitness; how would he stand out in broad contrast to the entire troop of clients and advocates, whose jarring constructions and opposite pretensions would at once seem harmonized in the presence of one, whose theories aimed to subvert from its foundation the whole system on which they had based their respective claims and arguments! Just so does he, who denies the infallible authority of Jesus as his doctrine and spirit are set forth in the New Testament, place himself in the broadest contrast to all others bearing the name of Christians, however widely they may differ among themselves. He diverges from them all, long before they begin to diverge from each other; and his angle of divergence from their common track is so great, as to make the angles, at which they subsequently diverge from each other, of small account. Of the extent of this divergence the enemies of authority in religion seem sufficiently aware, and proclaim their theories as constituting a new era in man's religious history. It were well that the friends of authority were equally aware of the importance of the matters at issue, that they might gird themselves for the conflict, not with *ex cathedrâ* denunciations, the day for which has gone by, but with the panoply of truth and reason.

The opponents of authority admit the natural tendency of man to repose implicit trust somewhere. They grant that religious faith in propositions, which are not the result of the individual's own reasoning, is in accordance with the universal laws of mind. They admit authority as a principle; but maintain that it is subjective merely, that it has its basis in the structure of the soul, and not in anything extrinsic. But so far as we can trace the laws of nature, the inward and the extrinsic are mutually correlative, — the subjective finds itself mirrored in the objective, — every native tendency, impulse, or principle of the mind has, in the constitution of things, its adequate provision or endowment. The recognition of any innate idea or yearning points the philosopher at once to some corresponding ex-

trinsic arrangement in the great system. This mode of reasoning has found peculiar favor with the school of philosophy, which puts the least value upon authority ; and is perpetually employed by the disciples of this school as infallible and conclusive. Indeed, with regard to the being of God, they set aside the argument from design as worthless, and deem man's innate idea of the Infinite as the best and only sufficient proof that there exists an Infinite first cause.* We therefore press upon them with confidence this conclusion : If man is created with a tendency to implicit religious faith and trust, there must needs exist without the individual soul some adequate basis for implicit religious faith and trust. If reverence for authority is born in the heart of man, authority cannot but have its fixed shrine, cannot but utter its unlying oracles, somewhere in the realm of God's government.

But we are asked, if this innate reverence for authority proves the existence of some authoritative source of truth, how is it that this reverence has so often been misplaced, — that men have often deferred implicitly to the authority of impostors and of the self-deluded, — that as firm faith has been reposed in Mahomet or in Mother Ann Lee as in Jesus Christ? In reply we would ask, how is it that man's innate idea of the Infinite has often found satisfaction in the worship of a graven image or a monkey's tooth? Or, (to take an analogy which we ourselves would admit,) how is it that man's natural idea of extended space has not always been connected with a correct geography and astronomy, but has often filled its unseen domain with the most grotesque and fantastic creations? The soul's innate ideas are not knowledge ; but are an inward feeling after truth, — they frame questions, which the soul puts to the universe of God, — they yearn for realization ; and from the very intensity of this yearning, they often stop short of that to which they tend, — stop at the broken cistern, because the way seems over long to the living water. But the soul's mistakes and fail-

* The great objection to this argument for the being of a God is, that it involves a *petitio principii*. It assumes a harmony a necessary correspondence between the innate and the extrinsic, which is rendered probable only by the existence of an unchangeable, all-pervading Spirit. We regard this argument as conclusive on every subject except the being and attributes of God ; but it involves his existence and his all-embracing and self-consistent will as essential postulates.

ures are far from proving that God has implanted in it any idea or tendency, without creating its counterpart, without providing for its realization.

This principle of authority is connected not only with a native element, but with a deep want, an eager yearning of the human spirit. On subjects of such immense moment as the divine nature, duty, accountableness, and a life to come, the soul, (with rare exceptions,) dares not rest on its own lame reasonings and fallible deductions, or on such inbreathings of the Infinite mind as it cannot separate from its own workings. It asks for the express voice and the manifest seal of God. It demands something in the shape of miracle or prophecy,—something that man cannot counterfeit,—something that shall be equivalent to a “thus saith the Lord.” It craves some permanent and authoritative source of religious truth,—not only a revelation a manifestation of the divine, but one that shall be “the same yesterday, to-day and forever.” Hence this want has generally sought to satisfy itself, not merely by some evanescent gleam of light from the parted heavens, but by some enduring and infallible record of the divine will and truth. Thus to the soul, that attaches itself to the faith of Christ, it is not enough that the Jesus, who walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, was divine and infallible, unless the Jesus, whom Matthew and John portrayed, whom Peter and Paul set forth to the churches, be also divine and infallible.—Our conscious ignorance, our felt need of authority prompts the search for *inspired scriptures*. Now on those who deny authority in religion rests the burden of maintaining, that God has implanted this want in the universal human heart, without providing for its adequate supply.

The argument thus drawn is strengthened by the consideration, that this conscious need of plenary authority in religion grows as the mind expands and enriches itself. To the soul, that is growing in knowledge and wisdom, the proportions of truth, the dimensions of the divine character increase faster than its own power of measuring and comprehending them. The wiser a man is, with the more intenseness does he ask, “Who can by searching find out God? Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?” Similar is the result of increase in virtue and in piety. The more devout a man is, the less of self-reliance does he exhibit in matters of religion, the more diffident does he become of his own intuitions and reasonings, the more earnestly does he listen for the voice from heaven. The reverent and devout

spirit delights more in receiving than in discovering. It cannot, like the ungentle raven, sustain a lonely flight through the vast firmament; but must keep near the ark. Its pinions are wearied and crippled by vague, unguided circuits of exploration through the heavens; it is refreshed and strengthened, only when it moves in commanded duty and prescribed service, when it soars for the prize placed in clear view, when it pursues the track marked out in the boundless ether by rays of living light from the throne of God. Need we specify individual instances in proof of these assertions? To do this would be almost to run through the catalogue of those whom men agree to call great, and to exhaust that of those, whom the suffrages of the race have pronounced eminently good. How strongly was this need of authority implied, expressed, and felt by those master-spirits of the Pagan world, Socrates, Plato, and Cicero! With what a growing earnestness does it betray itself in the lives of such men as Newton and Locke, — men no more remarkable for gigantic powers of research and discovery, than for the simple, childlike docility with which they humbled themselves at the feet of Jesus! Or we might refer to such saints as Fenelon, Pascal, Oberlin, Martyn, Heber, — men, whose secret breasts and most religious hours are laid open to us, and whose growth in grace was not connected with an increased self-reliance, but with a growing humility and self-distrust, and with a more earnest and trustful clinging to what they believed to be the revealed truth and will of God. If there ever lived a man, who had a right to rely on his own intuitions as infallible, it was Fenelon; yet where can you point to a mind, more deeply conscious than his of its own native infirmity and short-sightedness, and of the need and worth of an authoritative revelation from on high? For this need, which even the growing resources of a great mind and a devout heart do not meet, but only render more intense, it is impossible that the Creator should not have made full provision somewhere in the course of his moral administration.

The principle of authority, thus resting on the conscious want of the soul, has its basis also in the necessary constitution and order of the spiritual universe. It grows out of the relation of finite minds to the Infinite mind. It builds itself on the axiom, that "God's ways are higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts." Though we have seen the contrary asserted both in prose and rhyme, we shall not undertake

to prove, man is not God ; for there are some propositions, which can be disproved only by a *reductio ad absurdum*, and in these times, when absurdity has become with many a fundamental law of belief, this mode of argument has lost its force. Man is not God, — his consciousness is not extensive with God's, — he knows less than God does, with regard to truth, right, and duty, with regard to the domain of being yet before him in the endless future, with regard to the history, relations, and destiny of the whole spiritual family. How, except on authority, shall man gain the knowledge of what is without his own consciousness, yet within the consciousness of God ? He cannot teach himself what is without and beyond himself. He must on these subjects either remain in darkness, or receive express instruction from the omniscient mind. We say *express* instruction ; not that, which flows in upon the soul in such a way, as not to be distinguished from its own ordinary operations, for this affords no certain knowledge, since consciousness does not furnish a sufficient test of truths that lie beyond its own province. This express instruction the very being of a God, whose consciousness embraces infinitely more than ours, would lead us to expect. We should naturally look somewhere for something of this kind. We should expect somewhere to find revelations of those thoughts, which are above ours, attended with signs and seals of divinity too manifest to be mistaken. Such revelations God might indeed make to every soul ; but experience teaches us that he does not. True, we rejoice to believe that God is always inexpressibly near, and that his voice often thrills through the depths of our spirits ; but of the many voices, that utter themselves within us, we cannot always know the one from the other, — we cannot say of any particular proposition, that presents itself to our minds with the marks and numbers of truth, *This God taught me*. If then God has given, (and it is inconceivable, that he should not,) any certain knowledge of those things, which we need to know, but to which our intuitions do not reach, he must have imparted it to individuals of his human family. Our inquiry then is, who are these individuals ? With whom is to be found the divine signature and seal ? “To whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed ?” Some such individuals we should expect to find somewhere among the multitudes, that have lived, or that now live upon earth ; and to their authority reason would bid us bow with implicit faith and entire submission. Thus would the existence of permanent

and rightful sources of authority naturally grow out of the relation of omniscience on the one hand and ignorance on the other, which subsists between the divine and the human spirit.

We have pronounced the question of authority the most important question connected with the theology of the day. But why thus important? If the truth be received and obeyed, of what concern is the basis, on which it rests? If one has the living water, what matters the well from which he thinks it drawn? Why, even admitting those views of religion which set aside authority to be erroneous, should we deem them of sufficient moment to be strongly opposed and deprecated?

We reply, first, that these views exclude the filial element from religion. Jesus uttered no more vital truth, than when he said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Faith, implicit trust, is the predominant trait of the child-like spirit. The child is conscious of his own ignorance, — knows that he can see but darkly and for a little distance, and that there are those, older and wiser than himself, whose testimony is to him a sufficient "evidence of things not seen." So he, who keeps his true place as a child of God, is aware that he is but the creature of yesterday, with the veil of sense all around him, circumscribed in his every prospect and in need of some one who shall teach him, on authority, of that spiritual world and that future, with which he would gladly become conversant, but which he cannot explore for himself. Recognising the infinite richness of the divine mind, compared with the conscious poverty of his own, he hearkens with filial confidence for the voice of God, and believes and obeys with unquestioning faith what was uttered by him, to whom the Father has borne witness. Now in this child-like attitude of the human soul there is a moral fitness and beauty. By it man retains the image, in which he was created. By it he remains forever a child. And why should he not? We cease to live as children with our earthly parents, not because we become absolutely wise and perfect, but because our mental and moral stature approaches so near theirs, because they in age grow not so fast as we in youth. But did the relative distance in point of prudence, knowledge, and wisdom between parent and child remain through life, it would be fit and lovely in the child of two or three score not only to honor but implicitly to believe and obey his father and mother. We are conscious of a change for the worse, when we drop the filial yoke.

We pass from a warm and genial into a chill, bleak atmosphere. There is almost a consciousness of demerit in our first unguided steps. It contracts the heart, and checks the flow of quick and deep feeling, to commence being a law to ourselves. And in our best moments in life, in our seasons of the truest self-knowledge and the most tender sensibility, how often does the wish come over us, "oh, that I were a child again!" In God's infinite wisdom and knowledge there exists still and forever a basis for that relation, and he, who can yield to authority, who can believe and obey on trust, may before the eternal Father become again and remain forever as a little child, may bathe anew and continually in the fountain of infancy, may never have the sad and dreary consciousness of an unguided walk and an ungoverned life. But he, who rejects the evidence of testimony and authority, and will receive nothing, except on the basis of his own intuitions or reasonings, tacitly says, "I myself am the Ancient of days and the Infinite, — the Truth and the Life, — I need no Father." He may indeed assent to much that Jesus taught; but he loses the moral benefit of that filial faith, which is the fairest ornament of a created spirit, and which alone can sustain an intimate union between the Father in heaven and his human children.

We also object to those views of religion, which set aside authority, on the ground, that they can never be extensively propagated, but must be confined to the few of philosophical minds and retired and contemplative habits. — Many of the moral precepts and doctrines of the gospel had been promulgated before Christ by the philosophers of Greece and Rome. But their teachings were received only by those of kindred spirit with themselves, — they had no hold upon the multitude. They had no voice, which could arrest men's attention in the midst of business or of pleasure, in the heedlessness of ignorance, in the depths of depravity. A religion, which has no sanction except the consciousness of him, to whom it is addressed, demands for its reception a mind already to a great degree enlightened and purified, — a keen and practised moral sense, — an appetency for truth and goodness. It was to minds of this class, that the wise men of ancient times always addressed themselves, and they have left us ample record, that they neither sought nor expected a hearing among either the unphilosophical or the sensual. How different was the course of Peter, when, resting on the basis of prophecy and miracle, he went into an assembly of stubborn, malignant Jews, and preach-

ed Jesus and the resurrection, and "the same day there were added unto the church about three thousand souls!" The whole tenor of his discourse shows, that he adapted his speech to the understanding of the sensual and depraved, that he spake to them of such things as could be proved by that kind of outward evidence, with which they were conversant, that he based his statement of spiritual truth on testimony and authority, and reached their hearts and consciences through the very same laws of belief, by which they had commonly been governed in the affairs of this life. And this is the way, in which the great body of mankind will always need to be brought under the influence of true religion. We grant that, when they are fully baptized into the spirit of Jesus, their own hearts will bear abundant testimony to the truth of his words. But their attention must be awakened, their souls must be roused from the stupor of ignorance, worldliness, or guilt, by evidence that a more constraining voice than man's has spoken, that a more awe-compelling arm than that of God's daily Providence has wrought upon our earth. These truths must be commended to their reflection to their diligent study, to their obedience, to the test of their consciousness, to comparison with their intuitions and reasonings, by the marks and seals of a divine authority. Now the system, which excludes authority as a ground of faith, separates the few from the many, revives the old Pagan notion of one creed for the learned and refined, and another for the multitude, and thus mars the glory of Christianity as a universal religion.

Yet again, we deprecate the denial of authority in religion, because there are times, when all, however spiritual, need to fall back upon authority, and to sustain their inward convictions by the strongest of outward testimony. We are often in imminent moral want or danger, when the light within burns but dimly, when sickness or sudden emergency takes from us the power of clear thought or keen introspection, when we are confused and bewildered by conflicting reasonings or emotions.—Our perils and necessities come to us from without no less than from within ;—authority is often arrayed against truth and right ;—we therefore need, in addition to all our inward might, the strongest influences from without, the most commanding authority in favor of what our better nature approves and prompts. The conflict of life is for the most part between the inward and the outward, between the unseen and the seen ; and miracle,

prophecy, and authority, lying within the realm of the outward and the seen, make that realm as a house divided against itself. Our seasons of severe sorrow peculiarly reveal to us our need of authority in religion. At such times a palsy often seems to rest on our mental powers, our inward resources are not at prompt command, the stricken soul distrusts itself, the light of faith flickers in weariness and doubt, and the spirit looks round for some support, on which it may lean in its exhaustion, — for some object of implicit trust, on which it may fix its dizzy and bewildered gaze till it recovers its steadiness of vision. It is then that man finds everything to reassure and comfort him at the tomb of Lazarus, at the rent sepulchre in Joseph's garden, or in those words, so gloriously attested, "I am the resurrection and the life," while his boasted intuitions and his revered philosophy have fled in the hour of need. And not only in these dark seasons, but when our faith is the strongest and our internal evidence of it the brightest, do we need the voice of authority. The very intensity of our inward belief leads us to look for its signature and to hearken for its echo without. We expect to find what is engraven so deeply on the fleshly tablets of our hearts, written somewhere else by the God, who inscribed it there. The truths, which we cherish so tenderly, we are sure, must have been promulgated by the Almighty in more than one way. And did we find nowhere in the universe the echo of our own convictions, they would seem to be frowned upon and forbidden, — they would grow faint and dim, — they would little by little die out for lack of sympathy and confirmation.

Another ground on which we cling to authority in religion is, that there are not a few of the doctrines of Christianity, which, it is admitted on all hands, consciousness does not teach, and for which, therefore, we must rely on the God-attested word of Jesus and his apostles. Among these doctrines we feel constrained to place the immortality of the soul; and we are confirmed in so doing by observing, that little or no stress is laid on this fundamental article of faith in the writings of those, who deny the authority of Jesus, and that some of them use on this subject language, which implies the loss of individual identity at death, and the reabsorption of every human soul into the divine nature. Consciousness can hardly be vaunted as competent to thread the complex relations, which human guilt has established between God and man. Consciousness cannot teach us the minute and paternal providence of God,

the intercession and continued love of Jesus, the fellowship of the holy dead, the nearness of the heavenly witnesses. These are truths which rest upon authority ; and let him who loves them be the last to lay sacrilegious hands upon their cornerstone.

We also deprecate the contempt which many express for authority, and the corresponding exaltation of the individual consciousness, because it presents the domain of spiritual truth under a false and belittling point of view. Ancient astronomers, because they regarded our own little planet as the centre of the universe, had no large and comprehensive views of the system, and could give no satisfactory explanation of its phenomena ; but the whole seemed to them dark and narrow. The Copernican system, by sending our planet back to the circumference of creation, revealed the vastness and harmony of the universe, and reflected upon the earth the higher dignity and glory, from its bearing even a humble part in a system so immense and perfect. Christianity, as resting upon the authority of Christ, is the Copernican system of the moral universe. It reveals God as the centre, and all other beings as revolving around him in nearer or more distant orbits. It gives man his place in the circumference of the spiritual universe, but of a universe so vast, that an unspeakable glory rests on its humblest satellite. The philosophy, falsely so called, which comes in its own name, and owns allegiance only to its own intuitions, creates a Ptolemaic system of its own, makes itself the centre, God the dimly descried satellite, visible only in so much as light from man's tiny soul beams upon him ; in fine, degrades the majesty of heaven and earth into a paltry figure of rhetoric.

But those views of religion, which deny the principle of authority, go yet farther. They not only displace, but tend to annihilate the Deity. In a logical mind they can hardly stop short of Atheism. For if there be a God, there must needs be absolute truth, — truth which exists eternal and unchangeable as a part of the Divine Mind, independently of the imaginings or theories of finite beings. This absolute truth, if it exists, may be communicated by God to man ; and, if man believes that it exists, he may receive it on the testimony of God through any well authenticated medium. In fine, the existence of absolute truth, once admitted, furnishes a sufficient basis for just such a revelation as God is generally believed to

have made through Jesus. But if man cannot receive truth from without on testimony however surely sealed, it must be because there is nothing intrinsically and absolutely true, — because all truth is relative, existing only in the conceptions of the individual mind, so that opposite propositions are equally true to different minds. And if there be no absolute truth, there can be no self-existing and all-pervading spirit; for, if there be such a spirit in Him, there must be that which is intrinsically and absolutely true.

For these reasons we place the strongest reliance and the highest value on the principle of authority. But we are told by some very excellent people, that truth must now be set forth independently of authority, in order to gain a hearing; for there are multitudes in the community, who will not listen to the testimony of Jesus, and whom the very idea of authority repels and disgusts. That such is the case we are fully aware. But this state of the public mind represents, as we think, not a real want of the soul to be met by religious teaching, but a radical vice of character, which must be rooted out, before any man can be a true child of God. You cannot make a man humble and holy by converting Christ to him, but only by converting him to Christ. What those who despise authority need, is a filial spirit; and, by making Christianity bow and cringe to them, and deny its Author to win their suffrage, you only feed the evil which you ought to cure.

This question of authority suggests many other inquiries of much moment, but none of more importance than this, What constitutes a Christian? What must a man believe or be, in order to merit this title? We may perhaps best answer this question by asking a parallel one, What makes a man a Mahometan? What degree of faith would entitle a man to the religious confidence and fellowship of a devout Mussulman? Suppose that one were to go to Constantinople, and to make his profession of faith as follows: "I have no doubt that Mahomet was for his age a great and good man. There was a divine spirit in him. He saw and unfolded many views of truth and duty, which it was not given to men before him to discern. But his inspiration was in no wise different from mine; and I cannot receive on his authority anything of which I have not the evidence in my own soul independently of him. So far as I receive what he taught, I receive it not because he taught it. As for the Koran, it is on the whole a very good

book; but you would find it much more useful, if you would not believe it so implicitly. It contains many fables, some absurdities, some things which are a libel upon the divine character. As to your fasts and feasts, I doubt whether Mahomet instituted them, or, if he did, whether he intended that they should be perpetual; and, however that may be, they do not belong to *real* Mahometanism, though I have no objection to observing them *under protest*. In fine, though I cannot reverence Mahomet as a master, I am content to receive him as a servant, and doubt not that I shall get more good in using him as a servant, than you can, while you revere him as a master." What would a candid and tolerant Mussulman reply to one, who sought on such a profession to be received into full religious fellowship? Most assuredly in this wise: "You may, my friend, be a wise and good man, — you may be a religious man; but you are no Mahometan; for what you have said of our prophet and of our Koran, you could doubtless say with equal sincerity of every pretended prophet that ever taught, and of the sacred books of every religion under heaven. You must bow to the authority of our prophet, must receive what he said because he said it, before you can with fairness call yourself by his name."

Can the Christian consistently assume any different ground, with regard to the name by which he is called? We see not how he can. A man, who does not acknowledge the authority of Christ, is less Christ's disciple than his own; and Christ stands in no other or higher relation to him, than any philosopher or moralist, who has taught a portion of eternal truth. He might say of Mahomet all that he could say of Christ, and might, with his belief unchanged, claim to be a Mahometan in Turkey, as fairly as he claims to be a Christian in America. He may indeed object to less and assent to more in the teaching of Christ than in those of Mahomet; but there is to his mind no *specific* difference between the two. He approves both, so far as they accord with his independent convictions; he rejects both, where they deviate from his standard of truth and duty. The true position of such a mind is not that of a disciple of any one system, but that of an eclectic in the midst of all systems; nor should he assume the name of one, unless he is willing to burden himself with the accumulated names of all.

But it may be asked, Why cannot a man, who owns not the

authority of Christ, but who for the most part approves his doctrine, claim to be a Christian in the same sense, in which one, who agrees in his philosophical notions with Plato, yet without recognising his authority, calls himself a Platonist? The difference, we reply, lies here. The man, who acquiesces in general in what Plato taught, receives Plato in the aspect in which he presented himself to his fellow-men, — receives him in the only sense in which he claimed or expected to be received. But Christ presented himself in an entirely different aspect, — he claimed belief and obedience “for his works’ sake.” His authority, his infallibility, the literal divinity of his teachings is a prominent, inseparable article of his doctrine. He presents himself not merely as a faithful seeker after truth, but as a divinely sealed incarnation and manifestation of eternal truth. His declarations are, “The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself.” — “The Father which sent me, he gave me commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak.” — “He that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on him that sent me.” — “I am the way, the *truth*, and the life.” — “The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father’s which sent me.” — “I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me.” The four Gospels are full of the most explicit declarations of the same purport. If Christ said what the Gospels represent him to have said, human language cannot express more plainly than his words did, the *distinctive* divinity of his mission. We say the *distinctive* divinity of his mission, for we are told, as if it were a discovery of these latter days, that every man has a mission from God, nor do we doubt it. But is there now living upon earth the man, who could express the fact of his mission from God in such words as we have quoted above, without being guilty either of the most arrant folly, or the most impious blasphemy? The Jews most truly said to Jesus, “Thou blasphemest,” and represented him as mad, if he employed phraseology so lofty and unqualified, to express only that kind of authority which attaches itself to the words of every wise and good man.

It has indeed been suggested in some quarters, that Christ might not have arrogated to himself this peculiar authority, but that his disciples, deluded by an excess of veneration and affection, claimed it for him after his death, and have transmitted to us his sayings in an exaggerated form; and some, who deny our Saviour’s plenary authority, have maintained that they re-

ceive him in the sense in which he undoubtedly presented himself to mankind, though not in the sense in which the evangelists present him. But the word *Christ* denotes the Christ of history, not the Christ of every separate individual's imagination. The only being, whom we can rightfully call Christ, is the very being, real or imaginary, whose biography is given us by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. And the only assignable meaning of the term *Christian*, is a disciple or follower of that very being. It is an unwarrantable perversion of language, to take a name which has a fixed place in history, and appropriate to a conception of one's own brain. We might give the name of Christ to Confucius or Zoroaster just as fairly as we can give it to what, aside from the authority of his biographers, we imagine that Jesus of Nazareth must probably have been. Moreover, by setting aside in important particulars the narrative of the Evangelists, and substituting a Christ of our own device, we must palpably profess ourselves our own disciples, and drop all claim to be called by another's name.

One thing at least is certain, that the apostles and primitive disciples received Christ as an authoritative teacher in the highest and strictest sense of the words. They did not measure his spirit with their own, but submitted their own to his. Their relation to him was that of implicit, child-like faith and confidence. This is sufficiently evident from the coloring, whether authentic or not, which runs through the whole New Testament, and from the declarations which its writers put into the mouths of both Jesus and his followers. It was these primitive disciples that were first called Christians at Antioch; nor can it be, that any who deny the authority of Christ, are Christians in the sense in which that name was then used. Imagine Peter and Paul, James and John, expressing themselves with regard to Jesus and his doctrines in those tones of patronizing, half-hesitating approval, which have of late grown so common, and you have men as utterly as possible unlike those, under whose charge the infant church grew up, and thousands were added to it in a day.

On the whole then, we know not how to give a more comprehensive definition of the term *Christian*, than to say that a Christian is one who receives the Christ of our canonical gospels in the aspect, in which those gospels present him, that is, as a divinely commissioned and authoritative teacher. Are we accused of want of charity in thus limiting our definition? We

reply, that charity has nothing to do with the definition of terms. Charity has no more right than bigotry, to pervert the received signification of words, and to detach them from the ideas, which they rightfully represent. Charity no more compels us to call an honest and worthy unbeliever a Christian, than it does to call a generous and noble-hearted friend of monarchical institutions a republican. Charity, kind as it is, "rejoiceth in the truth," and is above flattery. But what charity is it to confer a name, which we render utterly void of meaning, and incapable of designating a distinction? For if he, who approves a part of what Jesus taught, is thereby made a Christian, what man living is not a Christian? You cannot find any one, however wrong-headed or depraved, who will not cordially assent to some portion of the teachings of Christ. There were many of his sayings, which his most bitter adversaries could not gainsay or resist; and, if the true Christian creed be, "I believe what of Christ's teachings I cannot gainsay or resist, what I am constrained to believe on independent grounds, but no more, nothing on his testimony," then were those who crucified him as truly Christians, as were John and Mary of Magdala. Thus, by endeavoring to extend too far the signification of the term *Christian*, we make it an unmeaning and nugatory title.

We have discussed this subject with the plainness and earnestness, which its importance demands. We have not felt authorized to disguise our sentiments; for we believe that this is to be for the present the great question in our portion of the Christian world; and while we would cherish only kind and respectful feelings for the gifted and worthy men, who are opposed to us, we deem it our duty to them, to ourselves, and to the public to state with distinctness the ground on which we stand. If we can read aright the signs of the times, the various elements of our religious public are in the process of disintegration, to be reorganized by the law of elective affinity. Causes of dismemberment are everywhere at work, while new grounds of sympathy and bonds of union are bringing together those, who used to stand as far aloof from each other as the worshippers on Zion and on Gerizim. The three great principles, that are fast developing themselves, as the grounds of separation and of union, are *faith*, *formalism*, and *self-worship*. The questions that have heretofore agitated us are growing obsolete.

A. P. P.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *A Sermon delivered at the Funeral of the Rev. Ezra Ripley, D. D.* By BARZILLAI FROST, surviving Pastor of the First Parish in Concord.
2. *The death of the Aged: A Discourse preached to the First Church and Society in Concord, Mass., on the morning of Sunday, September 26, 1841; the Sabbath after the funeral of their late senior Pastor, Rev. Ezra Ripley, D. D.* By CONVERS FRANCIS, D. D., Pastor of the Congregational Church in Watertown.

THE notices which have already been taken of these excellent discourses, and the interval that has elapsed since the event which occasioned them, render unnecessary any extended remarks or eulogy of our own. Yet we are unwilling to allow the earliest opportunity afforded, by the publication of this Journal, to pass without some brief record of the departure of one, who filled so long an honored place in the churches of the commonwealth, and in the respect and affections of a Christian flock; who, through all the changes and vicissitudes of more than threescore years, including some of the most eventful periods of our political and ecclesiastical history, and times "that tried men's souls," partook of his faithful and assiduous cares. It was the felicity of Dr. Ripley, in a peculiar sense, to "bring forth fruit in old age." His intellectual, scarcely less than his moral qualities, seemed to brighten as he advanced in years. And we read with great respect a sentence, which Mr. Frost quotes from a manuscript journal written by his venerable colleague twenty years ago, and which presents, in a very instructive light, the prevailing feeling of his soul. "I esteem it an important, if not an essential evidence of vital religion, *that the decline of life be the increase of heavenly-mindedness*, and that as the body descends to the grave, the mind and heart ascend towards heaven."

Dr. Francis, in his discourse, exhibits a fine picture of a virtuous old age, and repeats the recipe, which a wise and bold Mandarin once gave to an emperor of China, who was proposing, after the example of three of his predecessors, to swallow an elixir, which they thought would bestow immortality: "The best way of prolonging life, and making it happy, O, Emperor, is to control your appetites, to subdue your passions, and practise virtue." Dr. Ripley, under the higher influences of a Christian faith, seems to have adopted this recipe; and he had his reward.

"His old age," says Mr. Frost, "was the most remarkable part of his life, and perhaps of any individual's in the community. There was a progress in his knowledge and opinions. He continued to hear read all the new views that came out; and although decidedly opposed to some, yet he was not alarmed. He confided in the power of truth, and believed that something might be learnt from all classes of minds. His deep and lively interest in all that was going on in society, and particularly in his own parish, continued unabated. The freshness and warmth of his sympathies retained almost a youthful glow. It was by this means that he attracted the young to him, and caused them to enjoy his society, and love him like a father. And like the sainted Bulkley, 'by a sort of winning, yet prudent familiarity, he drew persons of all ages to come and sit with him, when he could not go and sit with them.'"

Dr. Ripley's whole ministry and character are valuable for the example and encouragement they afford to his professional brethren; and particularly to those who have passed the meridian of their days. Like his cotemporaries and friends, Drs. Bancroft and Thayer, they show, that there are improvements as well as services for old age, and high personal enjoyments, connected with the good influences that venerable years can exert. They teach, that much work and honorable may still be reserved for him, who having served one generation is willing to serve another. Dr. Ripley, as has been remarked once and again by his warmest eulogists, had no pretensions to learning nor to any of those intellectual qualities, which, while they naturally command admiration, remove the individual from the multitude of mankind. But he had that which was better; without which genius, and learning, and even eloquence in a minister may prove but a snare. He had reverence for God's truth, which kept him from fables; he had sound judgment, which made him a companion with the wise; he was faithful to his conscience, that so his heart should not reproach him; he was faithful to his gifts, never ceasing to improve them for his Master's use; he loved his profession, and all them that belong to it; and he was a lover of souls, and therefore was wise to win them. Nor may we doubt for a moment, that of the thousands who have been instructed by his lips, who have been the subjects of his monitions, consolations, and prayers, he has found multitudes for the seals of his ministry, and his exceeding great reward.

The Christian Psalter: A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Social and Private Worship. Boston. 1841. Little & Brown.

THE preface to the *Christian Psalter* informs us that the

compiler is the Rev. W. P. Lunt, of Quincy. The volume contains seven hundred and two hymns ; constituting one of the largest collections that has been published. Whether it be equally well suited with some others to the purposes of congregational worship, can only be known by trial, and we forbear to give any very decided opinion. We see, however, no reason for doubting that it would give satisfaction in the use ; the principles on which the selection is made, and the good judgment with which they are for the most part applied in practice, commend themselves entirely to our approbation. We think that we have noticed an occasional violation of the principles laid down, and sometimes an adherence to them where departure would have been better. Some pieces seem to have been introduced rather as specimens of the antique, — for example, those of Sternhold and the New England Version, — than because of their intrinsic value or adaptedness for present use. We should have been glad also to have seen a larger number of the fine modern compositions, for which some of the selections from the old writers might well be exchanged. We occasionally miss a stanza from a familiar hymn, which seems to us mutilated by the excision. We find one, the six hundred and twenty-third, ascribed to the “Episcopal Collection,” which we have always supposed originated in Belknap’s Collection ; and another, (the admirable Christmas hymn, two hundred and nine,) put down as “anonymous,” which, we suppose we are telling no secret in saying, was written by the Rev. E. H. Sears, of Lancaster. It was first printed in the Boston Observer, under the initials of its author, and has since appeared anonymously among the supplementary hymns of Greenwood’s Collection. It is too good to be kept straying about the world without its parentage being known. And finally, — to finish our little exceptions, there are several with a tone more warlike than we should like to hear either read or sung in a Christian congregation.

On the other hand, the merits of the compilation are very great and decided. It seems almost unfair to name anything else. When we reflect how exceedingly difficult it is to make a selection from the mass of devotional poetry, which shall be acceptable, we do not say to *all*, — but even to a considerable number ; — when we remember the ill success and entire failure of many attempts, made by men in whose judgment we should beforehand have implicitly relied ; we are inclined to express surprise that one succeeds, rather than to wonder at mistakes. And though we have thought it but just to hint at the deficiencies above named, we feel it still more just to

express, on the whole, a strong approbation. The method, which is new, is very clear and perfect; the index to the psalms is a most valuable addition. The copious extracts from those chiefs of sacred lyrists, Watts and Doddridge, stamp a peculiar value on the book. The attempt to bring again into our churches the best productions of Mrs. Steele is to be greatly commended. We heartily like, also, the principle of restoring the original reading to the hymns that have been altered; it is an act demanded alike by justice and taste. And yet, it must be acknowledged, that some alterations were made so decidedly for the better, and some have so gained a right to their place by long prescription, that they ought not to be restored. We do not assent, therefore, to some of the restorations introduced here. We think Watts's hundredth Psalm, for example, injured by refitting to it the original first line, which has so long been absent as to have become an entire stranger, whose return is unwelcome and obtrusive. For half a century, at least, — that is, ever since the days of the "Lock Hospital Collection," when "Denmark" was first published, we have been reading and singing,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy."

We do not see that anything can be gained by going back to the lines as originally written,

"Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy" —

except to make us wish that they had been forgotten. Still the principle in itself is the true one, and has been well applied; as for example, in the readings of Dryden's "Veni, Creator Spiritus," by which that hymn is greatly enriched, in the present collection.

But it will not do to begin with particulars; there would be no end to it. It is enough that Mr. Lunt is to be congratulated on his success, in making a book so well adapted to the ends of public worship, and which cannot prove other than acceptable wherever it shall be used.

Theory of Teaching, with a few Practical Illustrations. By
a TEACHER. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1841.

THE claims of education upon the favor of the community have of late been mainly advanced on the ground of its utility in preserving public order and protecting property. It has thus

become apparent that the true idea of culture as the worthy training of the infinite soul has but a weak hold upon the public mind; and, what is perhaps a still more discouraging fact, that too many of those who profess to have the interests of schools nearest to their hearts, act and argue without the dimmest perception, that they are attributing a primary importance to what is quite secondary in its character, — that they are degrading the highest and most sacred relations of humanity into a convenience, — that they are bearing up the ark of God with unholy hands.

We remember no work on education, which seems so well calculated to supplant the current notions on this subject, as the unpretending little volume we are now noticing. Protests against them, loud and earnest, have not been infrequent; but, for the most part, they have been couched in such a dialect, and addressed to circles so select, as to do little towards the direct accomplishment of their object. But none, we believe, who may read this "Theory," can fail to see how dignified is the position of one who makes it the pleasure and employment of life to develop harmoniously the faculties of a soul which is to last an eternity; and to see the unworthiness of any other statement of the teacher's vocation. And yet not a single expression in the book, so far as we remember, indicates any purpose of opposition to existing arrangements, or even a consciousness that, were the views of the writer to become general, another set of views would be certain to lose their influence.

We cannot help regarding this as a sincere book, — as a genuine record of experience, — as written from the heart to the heart. One sees at a glance that the authoress is no amateur teacher, but an excellent and accomplished person, who has devoted herself with cheerfulness and hope to a life commonly reckoned unattractive, with the determination to wrestle with its difficulties, until they shall confess themselves angels in disguise, and departing bless. It is at once apparent, too, that she does not toil painfully up an ascent in assuming the office of teaching the young of her own sex, but descends to it, as it were, from above. Evidently one who has drawn in wisdom from the highest sources is giving it out to little girls in the humblest ways and with the humblest spirit; and that too, when a capacity of instructing many who sit in high places as teachers of grown men, is shown in every page; and a literary talent evinced, which puts her on a level, to say the least, with our most accomplished lady-writers.

But though written in so high a spirit, this is an eminently practical book. Our authoress has learned by experience, that

life is made up of every-day occurrences as well as of great crises; that common attainments have their value as well as exalted virtues; that the former are often, and always may be made to be, the ministers of the latter. She has satisfied herself, that to overcome slight obstacles in childhood, is the surest pledge of being able to rise superior to great difficulties in maturer days; and that prudence requires us to learn perfectly many uninteresting things then, without a knowledge of which we should make but a poor figure in after life. And the main object of the book seems to be to give, in connexion with some pretty high doctrines about general culture, methods of making the closest pursuit of elementary studies acceptable to the minds of children. For throughout the book runs a most lively sense of their claim to be treated as reasonable beings. The writer would never coax her pupils to learn a lesson for the sake of pleasing their teacher, but in all cases where there was a want of interest manifested, would assure the child of the pleasure and utility to be derived from attention to the slighted task, and of the impossibility of further progress in that direction, until the difficulty was surmounted.

To go into any minute analysis of the contents of this little volume, would carry us far beyond our limits. It is made up of letters, which "are part of a real correspondence, begun in order to systematize the writer's own theory and practice. The position of governess was assumed as the most favorable one for carrying out completely her ideas on education." The ten first letters contain the views of the authoress on the general subject of female education; the remaining fourteen are principally occupied with a detail of her specific methods of teaching its various branches. Hints, which we should esteem as likely to be of great value upon the best ways of instruction in reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, &c., abound therein. And we feel that we are performing a thank-worthy service in commending this *Theory of Teaching* not only to the study of those engaged in the management of schools for little misses, and to the favorable notice of mothers and elder sisters, but also to the attention of the friends and advocates of education generally. Not that we would pronounce it a faultless book, for that would involve the necessity of endorsing the atomic and various other theories, on which we do not feel called upon to pass judgment here. But we would say, that all which it contains strikes us as worth consideration at the hands of those to whom it is virtually addressed, and that by far the greater part challenges approbation at once.

We are glad to see, that the concluding paragraph encoura-

ges the hope of something more complete from the same pen, so soon as further experience shall have shed its guiding light. In the mean time we hasten to greet the volume already published, with the welcome it deserves; and beg leave to express our trust, that its gifted authoress will find the task she has chosen to devote herself to, its own exceeding great reward.

Anthon's Classical Dictionary. Harper & Brothers. 1841. Svo. pp. 1423.

THIS book is a great enlargement of its predecessors. It contains copious materials, drawn from the writings of recent scholars, in the departments of biography, literary history, and mythology. But the work is not equal to the materials. To reverse the old saw, *Materia superat opus*. Dr. Anthon has not a good intellectual digestion. He has brought together an immense collection of information from various sources; but he has used it with little judgment. He exercises no critical skill in selecting what is to the point; he has not taken the trouble to sift contradictory statements, but puts them all in, apparently without seeing their inconsistency. A great many things which so big a book ought to contain are left out. Whoever should undertake to read the first two books of Herodotus with the aid of Anthon's geographical articles, would find a very large portion of the names omitted. It would be impossible to make out a connected view of any one entire department of ancient literature from his literary biographies. Among the ancient artists more than two thirds of the names are not to be found. Dipoenus and Scyllis, not to mention others, — names that occur in the slight sketch of ancient sculpture by Flaxman, are passed over. Much room is occupied to no purpose with undigested speculations upon mythological personages, upon allegorical phantoms, which have bewildered the brains of solemn philosophers and flighty females, and which would have sorely puzzled the old pagans themselves.

The Professor has struck upon rich veins, but he has not been at the pains to smelt the ore. If he would rewrite the entire work, combine the scattered information contained in his authorities, under the guidance of his own original researches, reject a vast quantity of crude and useless matter, supply its place with an equal quantity of useful matter, now not found there, but easily to be found elsewhere, see that his dates are correct, and his references right, he would make a capital book. But this is not Dr. Anthon's way of doing things. If it were, he would make fewer books, but so much the better; better for his own reputation, and for the scholarship of his disciples.

Poems: Narrative and Lyrical. By WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.
Boston: Ticknor. 1841. 12mo. pp. 220.

It is not easy to see why this volume should have received so much praise, as in some quarters has been lavished upon it, nor why it should have been thought worth while to republish it. The author, so far as we may judge from this collection of his pieces, was a man without genius, though not without a sort of mocking-bird talent. He seems to have written not so much because there was any impelling inspiration which he could scarcely resist, as because he found himself possessed of a facility at combining words together, not without occasional spirit and tenderness of feeling, in the authorized forms of metrical composition. In one or two instances, perhaps, he rises above mediocrity; but there is not a single piece in the volume which, either for the perfection of its workmanship, or the elevation or originality of the thought, any one would wish to read a second time, or, which is the true test of lyrical excellence, store away among good things in his memory.

American Criminal Trials. By PELEG W. CHANDLER. Vol. I. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 1841. 8vo. pp. 456.

WE lament our want of space, to notice, in a proper manner, the work whose title is given above. It strikes us as one of the most interesting publications of the day, and admirably calculated to make deep, as well as just, impressions on the mind of the student of American history. The peculiar advantage of this form of history is, — and history it eminently is, — that it imparts to its subjects the lively charms of reality. Events read in the drier form of the classical historian, and soon forgotten or dimly remembered, here live before the mind, and leave traces as ineffaceable as if they had been actually witnessed. Let even a child read the trials for witchcraft, of the Quakers, and of the soldiers concerned in the Boston Massacre, — falsely so called, — and he will rise from their perusal with clear and definite convictions of the right and the wrong in each case, — convictions he could have gained in no other way so well.

These trials, it is scarcely necessary to add, are divested of all unintelligible and repulsive legal technicalities, and made agreeable to the general reader. The press has done its office uncommonly well.

NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Egmont : A Tragedy in five acts. Translated from the German of Goethe. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1841.

The Poems of John G. C. Brainard. A new and authentic collection, with an original memoir of his life. Hartford : Edward Hopkins. 1842. 12mo. pp. 186.

The publishers of this volume have but done justice to the memory of Brainard, by the neat and tasteful form in which they have now given an authentic collection of his poems to the public. Two editions have preceded this ; one in 1825, by the author himself, and the second a few years after his death, into which several pieces gained admission not written by Brainard. The present edition is accompanied by a well written memoir, giving the prominent facts in the life of the poet, a slight sketch of his character, and a criticism on his writings, sensible, modest, and impartial.

Mission to England in behalf of the American Colonization Society. By Rev. R. R. Gurley. Washington : W. W. Morrison. 1841.

The precise purpose of this mission will be seen in the words of Mr. Clay. Mr. Gurley, he says, has been appointed "an agent to proceed to England, to promote the interests of the said Society ; to explain and enforce its objects ; to remove prejudices against it ; to communicate with the friends of African colonization and African civilization in Great Britain ; to conciliate public opinion in that kingdom towards the American Colonization Society," &c. The volume contains an account of the mission.

The Philosophy of Popular Ignorance. By John Foster. Boston : James Loring. 1841.

A reprint in a cheap form, for wide distribution.

Man a Soul ; or the inward and the experimental evidences of Christianity. By A. B. Muzzey. Boston : W. Crosby. 1842.

A volume of practical religion, on the principles of the spiritual, or Transcendental philosophy.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness. By Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Utica. 1841

A book with an excellent purpose, sufficiently well executed, and like a gentle rain, must do good wherever it goes.

Watts's Improvement of the Mind. Revised by Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Wethersfield, Conn. Boston : James Loring.

Prepared with questions, for the use of schools.

Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, August 25, 1841. By John S. Dwight.

"The true office and dignity of music" is the subject of this address, written, we need hardly say, in a spirit of the finest enthusiasm, and of the truest appreciation of the divine art.

The Church. A discourse delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, Sunday, May 30, 1841. By W. E. Channing. Philadelphia. 1841.

Some of the duties which one Christian denomination owes to another. A Sermon delivered in the South Congregational Church in Lowell. By H. A. Miles. 1841.

Claims of Civil and Ecclesiastical History as indispensable branches of Ministerial Education. A Discourse delivered in the Chapel of the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution. By George W. Eaton, Professor of Civil and Ecclesiastical History. Utica. 1841.

Lecture on the Beauties of History, delivered before the Monumental Lyceum of Baltimore, June 5, 1841. By William F. Giles.

The Sixth Report of the London Domestic Mission Society, with the proceedings of the Annual General Meeting, held in Carter Lane. Richard Kilder, 1841.

The Domestic Mission Society of the Unitarians in London, on the plan mainly of Dr. Tuckerman, we are happy to learn from their report, is decidedly prosperous, owing chiefly to the labors and zeal of their missionaries, R. K. Philp, and W. Vidler.

First Annual Report of the Birmingham Unitarian Domestic Mission Society, &c.

It is matter of sincere congratulation, that the Unitarians of Birmingham have associated themselves together for the support of a minister at large in their city. Their first missionary is the Rev. Thomas Bowring; from his address and monthly reports, we should infer him to be well fitted for his important office. All success attend the excellent work.

The Sixteenth Report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, &c. London. 1841.

A Translation of Uhlemann's Syriac Grammar, by Rev. Enoch Hutchinson, of Newton, will, we understand, soon be published.

ERRATUM. — For S. J. H., the signature of the Article on Monaldi, read L. J. H.

INDEX.

A.

Adams's (President) Letters addressed to his wife, noticed, 263.

Agriculture in the United States, an Address by Henry Colman, noticed, 277.

Allston, Washington, his *Monaldi* reviewed, 374.

Austin's German Prose Writers, 277.

Authority, the leading question of the times, 387—importance of, illustrated, 388—the reverence of, and craving for, innate, 388—even as the idea of the infinite, 389—the need of, increases with the growth of the mind, 390—its basis in the necessary relations of the finite to the infinite, 391—objections to the views which deny it, considered, 393-398—what constitutes a Christian? 398-402.

Azores, a Winter in the, by Joseph and Henry Bullar, reviewed, 349—great beauty and attractions of the Islands in climate and products, 320—their arrival at St. Michael's, and landing, 321—a ball described, 323—great civility of the inhabitants, 324—Ponte Delgada, 325—management of trees and their bearing, 325—hot Springs of the Furnas, 327—pass the winter at Villa Franca, 330—cheapness of living, 330—no inns, 331—Fayal, 332—character of the Catholic Religion there, 333—the observance of Sunday, 336

—visit to the Caldeira, 337—Corvo, Flores, 338—residence at the Furnas, 342—account of the baths, 343—diseases and climate of the Islands, 346.

B.

Banking, and the Bank of the United States, article on, 1—uses of banking, 2—its abuses, 4—table of the condition of Banks in the United States at various eras, 9—excessive power in the President of the United States Bank, 10—Mr. Biddle's administration, 14—violations of charter, 18—fraud and carelessness, losses from, 20—political interference, 25—fluctuations of the monetary system, 29—cotton speculations, 32—discounts and loans, 35—final embarrassments, 36—concluding remarks, 37.

Bartlett Elisha, Dr., his Vindication of the females employed in the Lowell Mills, 136.

Blanchard, Amos, his address delivered at the consecration of Lowell Cemetery, 138.

Buckingham, Edgar, his Sermon on Christian union, 134.

Burial of the dead, 138—should be with appropriate rites, 139—actual manner of in the great cities of Europe, 140—should be with security, 144—with honorable observances, 147—the moral uses of, 148—modes of, that have chiefly prevailed, 156—Inhumation, 156—Embalming, 158—

Desiccation, 159 — Cremation and urn-burial, 159 — various other modes, 159 — 164 — funeral rites, 181 — of the Romans, described, 282 — rites preparatory to the funeral, 183 — at the funeral, 184 — the burial, or burning, 235 — their sepulchres, monuments, and inscriptions, 290 — the period of mourning, 293 — places of sepulture, 294 — changes introduced by Christianity, historical sketch of, 294 — 302 — modern return to the ancient use of rural cemeteries, 303 — 307.

C.

Christianity, a supernatural revelation, 350 — Shown to be so by the miracles of Jesus, 350 — 358 — by the character of Christ, 358 — by its standing monuments, 360 — by the nature of the mind, which expects and welcomes the supernatural, 362 — but supernaturalism becomes extreme and exclusive, 363 — making nature a machine, 364 — revelation a mere scheme, 365 — man an automaton, 366 — rationalism also errs, 368 — its faults, 369.

Christian Psalter, the, noticed, 404.

Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers, by Rev. Alexander Young, reviewed, 116.

Churches, custom of burial in, when introduced, 299.

Collison, George, his cemetery interment, 138.

Colman, Henry, his Address on Agriculture in the United States, noticed, 277.

Comprehensive Church, the, by the Rev. Thomas Vail, noticed, 129.

Communion, the, essay on the uses of, and the propriety of a general attendance on, 194, 208.

Confessions of an English Opium Eater, noticed, 274.

D.

Davidson, Margaret Miller, her bi-

ography and poetical remains, by Washington Irving, noticed, 269.

Dead, burial of the, 137 — 164, and 281 — 307.

Dewey, Orville, Rev., his two discourses on the nature and province of natural, revealed, and experimental religion, reviewed, 382 — quoted largely, 383 — 387.

Difficulties respecting an attendance on the communion considered, 205.

E.

Ecclesiastical standards and established churches, their practical working argued out, 209 — 221.

Egyptian (ancient) manners and customs, 39.

Ellis, Rev. G. E., his oration in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill, noticed, 133.

F.

Fragments from German prose writers, by Sarah Austin, noticed, 279.

Funeral rites of the Romans, described, 282.

G.

Gardening and rural and church architecture, an essay on the popular taste in, 60 — 82.

H.

Hovey's Monthly Magazine of Horticulture, recommended, 82.

I.

Ingersoll, Rev. G. G., his Sermon on the death of Christ, noticed, 131.

Irving, Washington, his biography and remains of M. M. Davidson, 269.

Italian Music, 94.

K.

Kirchmanni, Johan : de funeribus, Romanorum, 138.

L.

Livermore's Commentary on the Four Gospels, noticed, 127.

M.

Mesmerism, Townshend's facts in, noticed, 276.

Monaldi, by Washington Allston, reviewed, 374.

Motherwell's Poems, noticed, 410.

Mosaic history, argument for the truth of, drawn from the agreement of ancient Egyptian monuments and remains with, 39 — as regards historical events, 42 — the buying and selling of slaves, 44 — implements of war, 45, — intercourse between Canaan and Egypt, 45 — abundance of gold and jewelry, 46 — brick-making, 47 — music and musical instruments, 48 — the manufacture of sacred and domestic vessels, 52 — and linen, 54 — articles of dress, 56 — engraving on precious stones, 56 — glass-making and various other arts, 57-60.

Music, moral and religious benefits of, 83, 84 — improvement in, in New England, 85 — Italian, 94 — Cantabile style of, 96.

N.

New England, state and improvement of music in, 83-88.

P.

Panzeron, M., his treatise on singing, reviewed, 83 — merits of, 88 — highly recommended as an aid in the cultivation of the voice, 90 — physiology of the voice, 91 — vocalization, 92 — errors in musical instruction, 93.

Parker, Theodore, his discourse on the transient and permanent in Christianity, reviewed, 98 — his doctrines on the Old Testament argued against, 99-103 — on the New, 104-114 — other opinions advanced, confuted by those who

have defended Christianity, 114 — many of the ancients desired a revelation, 115.

Parisian Linguist, noticed, 275.

R.

Ripley, Ezra, Rev. D. D., Sermons on the death of, by Barzillai Frost, and Convers Francis, D. D., noticed, 403.

Robinson's Biblical Researches in Palestine, &c., reviewed, 222 — his fitness for the work, 222 — safety of travelling in the East, 244 — the work cited, describing at length his preparations for the journey through the wilderness, 224-227 — his judgment concerning the Exodus, 227 — his abode at the convent on Mt. Sinai, 229 — at Jerusalem, 235 — various excursions from Jerusalem, 241 — return through Samaria and Gallilee to Beyroot.

S.

Self-defence, the right of, 164 — provisions of the law concerning, 166 — opposite judgments, ancient and modern, of, 169 — argued on general principles, 170 — the argument from Scripture on, 178 — prevailing principles and practices in respect to, 183 — the right of force wholly denied by the non-resistant, 190 — both to those who administer the law, 191 — and the government, 193.

Singing schools in Paris, 83, note.

Singing, Panzeron's treatise on, reviewed, 83.

Slavery, unconstitutionality of, by G. W. F. Mellen, noticed, 275.

Smyth, Thomas, his "Prelatical Doctrine of Apostolical Succession examined," noticed, 261.

Spear, Charles, his names and titles of the Lord Jesus, noticed, 134.

Spiritual Christianity, I. Taylor's Lectures on, reviewed, 308.

T.

Taylor's Lectures on Spiritual Chris-

tianity, reviewed, 308 — analysis of, with extracts, 309-316 — theological position of the author, 316.

Temperance, a sermon on, by H. Ware, Jr., preached in the College Chapel, 252.

Theodore, De Wette's, the translation of, reviewed, 348.

Theory of Teaching, by a Teacher, noticed, 406.

Townshend's facts in Animal Magnetism, noticed, 277.

Turnbull's claims of Jesus, 280.

U.

Uses of the Communion, essay on, 194-208.

V.

Vail, Rev. Thomas, his Comprehensive Church, noticed, 128.

Voice, physiology of, 89.

W.

Wicksteed, Charles, his Sermon on creeds and articles, reviewed, 209.

Wilkinson, his Manners and Customs of the ancient Egyptians, reviewed, 39.

Y.

Young, Rev. Alexander, his Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers, reviewed, 116 — character of the work, 117 — analysis of the contents of the volume, 117-124 — the labors of the editor, 124.



THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
GENERAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
I. USE AND ABUSE OF BANKING.	1	printed Documents, and illustrated with Notes. By ALEXANDER YOUNG.	
Banking and the Bank of the United States. Six Letters from Nicholas Biddle, Esq. to Hon. John M. Clayton.			
II. MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.	38	CRITICAL NOTICES.	
Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, including their Private Life, Government, Laws, Arts, Manufactures, Religion, and Early History. By J. G. WILKINSON.		The Four Gospels: with a Commentary. By A. A. LIVERMORE. Vol. I. Matthew.	127
III. POPULAR TASTE IN GARDENING.	60	The Comprehensive Church; or Christian Unity and Ecclesiastical Union. By the Rev. THOMAS VAIL, A. M.	128
Hovey's Monthly Magazine of Horticulture.		A Sermon preached before the First Congregational Society in Burlington, Vt. By their Minister, GEORGE G. INGERSOLL	131
IV. PANSEON'S TREATISE ON SINGING.	83	An Oration delivered in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the 17th of June, 1841, in Commemoration of the Battle of Bunker Hill. By GEORGE E. ELLIS.	133
Méthode de Vocalisation, en deux parties, par Auguste Panseon, Professeur de Chant au Conservatoire, &c. &c.		Names and Titles of the Lord Jesus Christ. By CHARLES SPEAR.	134
V. PARKER'S DISCOURSE.	98	Christian Union; A Discourse delivered before the Unitarian Society, at Trenton. By EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.	134
A Discourse on the Transient and Permanent in Christianity. By THEODORE PARKER.		A Vindication of the Character and Condition of the Females employed in the Lowell Mills against the Charges contained in the Boston Times, and the Boston Quarterly Review. By ELISHA BARTLETT, M. D.	136
VI. CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIMS.	116		
Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth from 1602 to 1625, now first collected from Original Records and contemporary			

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NOVEMBER, 1841.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
I. BURIAL OF THE DEAD . . .	137	CRITICAL NOTICES:	
II. THE RIGHT OF SELF-DE- FENCE	164	The Prelatical Doctrine of Apostol- ical Succession Examined, &c., By THOMAS SMYTH.	261
The Non-Resistant.		The Letters of John Adams ad- dressed to his Wife. Edited by his Grandson, CHARLES FRAN- CIS ADAMS.	263
III. USES OF THE COMMUNION	194	Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Margaret Miller David- son. By WASHINGTON IRV- ING.	269
On the Uses of the Commu- nion, and the propriety of a Gen- eral Attendance upon it.		Confessions of an English Opium- Eater. Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.	274
IV. ECCLESIASTICAL STAND- ARDS	209	An Argument on the Unconstitu- tionality of Slavery.	274
A Broad Foundation the only Sure One. A Sermon preached in Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds. By CHARLES WICKSTEED.		Parisian Linguist; or an Easy Method of acquiring a perfect Pronunciation of the French Lan- guage.	275
V. ROBINSON'S BIBLICAL RE- SEARCHES	222	Facts in Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism. By the Rev. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.	276
Biblical Researches in Pales- tine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petraea, a Journal of Travels in the year 1838. By E. ROBIN- SON and E. SMITH. Under- taken in reference to Biblical Geography. Drawn up from the original Diaries, with his- torical Illustrations. By ED- WARD ROBINSON, D. D.		Agriculture of the United States. An Address. By HENRY COL- MAN.	277
VI. THE MORAL PRINCIPLE OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVE- MENT	252	Fragments from German Prose Writers.	279
A Sermon preached in the Chapel of Harvard College, October 17, 1841. By HENRY WARE, JR., Parkman Profes- sor, &c.		The Claims of Jesus. By ROBERT TURNBULL.	280
		The Mnemosynum. By JOHN F. AMES.	280

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JANUARY, 1842.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
I. BURIAL OF THE DEAD . . .	281	CRITICAL NOTICES.	
II. SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY 308		1. A Sermon delivered at the Funer-	
Lectures on Spiritual Christian-		al of the Rev. Ezra Ripley, D. D.	
ity. By ISAAC TAYLOR.		By BARZILLAI FROST. 2. The	
III. A WINTER IN THE AZORES 319		Death of the Aged: A Discourse	
A Winter in the Azores, and a		preached to the First Church and	
Summer at the Baths of the		Society in Concord, Mass., on the	
Furnas. By JOSEPH BULLAR,		morning of the Sabbath after the	
M. D., and HENRY BULLAR,		funeral of their late Senior Pastor,	
of Lincoln's Inn.		Rev. Ezra Ripley, D. D. By	
IV. SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN LIT-		CONVERS FRANCIS, D. D. . . .	403
ERATURE 318		The Christian Psalter: A Collection	
Specimens of Foreign Litera-		of Psalms and Hymns for Social	
ture. Vol. X. Theodore: or,		and Private Worship.	404
The Skeptic's Conversion.		Theory of Teaching, with a few	
Translated by JAMES F.		Practical Illustrations. By a	
CLARKE.		TEACHER.	406
V. MONALDI 374		Anthon's Classical Dictionary. . .	409
Monaldi: A Tale. By W.		Poems: Narrative and Lyrical. By	
ALLSTON.		WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. . . .	410
VI. AUTHORITY. DEWEY'S TWO		American Criminal Trials. By	
DISCOURSES 382		PELEG W. CHANDLER.	410
Two Discourses on the Nature		NEW AND RECENT PUBLICA-	
and Province of Natural, Re-		TIONS.	411
vealed, and Experimental Re-		INDEX	413
ligion. By ORVILLE DEWEY,			
Pastor of the Church of the			
Messiah, in New York.			

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